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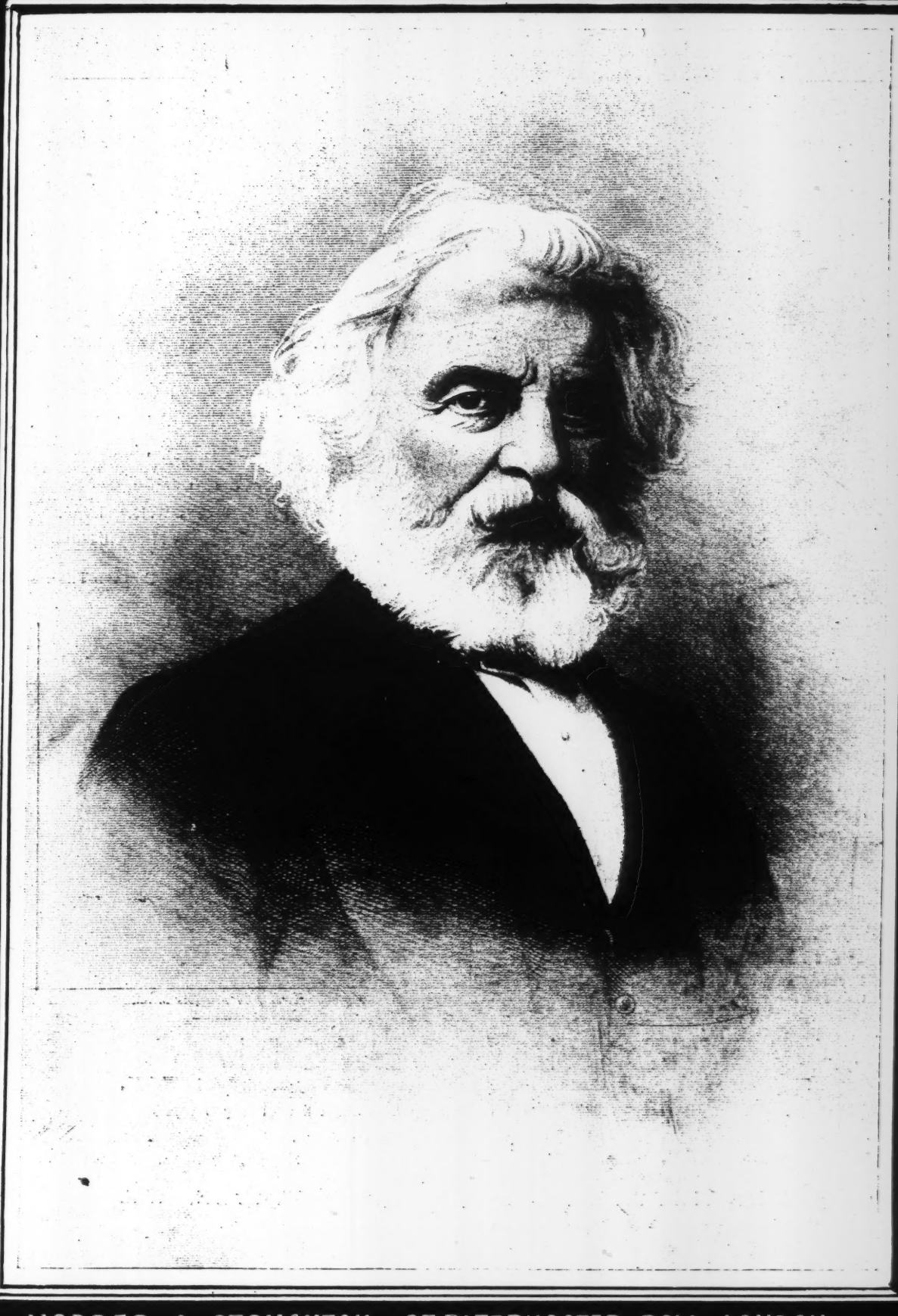

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The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 135. Vol. XXIII. DECEMBER, 1902. Price One Shilling Net.

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With this Number is presented The Bookman Christmas Portfolio, containing separate Plates of Longfellow, Burns, Byron and Shelley, The Bookman Annual Art Supplement of Christmas Books, and a Special Supplement printed in Two Colours of Poets in the National Portrait Gallery.

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The Bookman Portfolio.
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The first two volumes of "The Bookman Booklets," profusely illustrated, 1s. net each, are now ready, see p. 117.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers the Christmas Number of The Bookman we have to express our thanks to Mr. Herbert Ward for his kindness in allowing us to reproduce his picture, "A Peep at Rabelais," on the cover of The Bookman Portfolio; to Mr. John Murray for his permission to make use of G. H. Harlow's drawing of Lord Byron, to the booksellers in all parts of the country who have sent us such carefully compiled lists of the most popular books of the season; and to the numerous publishers who have been so good as to assist us in obtaining a large collection of pictures from the illustrated books of the year.

The portraits of Poets in the National Portrait Gallery which are included in the special Literary Supplement have been supplied by Mr. Augustin Rischgitz.

We hear that Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") has commenced work on a new novel which, it is said, is to be entitled "The Paradise of Dominic Iglesias."

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has recently completed the manuscript

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.
Pieter Van der Morsch. 1616. From "Frans Hals." (Messrs. George Bell and Sons.) Reproduced by kind permission of the Publishers.

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.
Young Man in a Flap Hat. 1660. From "Frans Hals." (Messrs. George Bell and Sons.)
Reproduced by kind permission of the Publishers.

of a new novel to which he has given the title "Double Harness." It will be published serially in one of the most popular of the monthly magazines, both here and in America.

The new novel which Mr. Henry Seton Merriman has written for publication next year in the *Cornhill Magazine*, is, we understand, entitled "Barlasch of the Guard."

Mr. Max Beerbohm has written a novel. It is a whimsical comedy of Oxford life and love, entitled "Zuleika Dobson," and will be published in the spring by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Henry James has in preparation a volume consisting of one long story and a selection of shorter ones. The book will be published early in the New Year.

The authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." will have a new volume of short stories ready for publication next spring. The stories will all be Irish, and in the humorous vein that has made their work so popular. Miss Somerville will illustrate the book.

Mrs. B. M. Croker has nearly finished her new novel, and arrangements are being made for its publication in the autumn of next year. It is to be called "Her Own People," and the scene will be laid partly in Europe, but mainly in India.

The success of "The Four Feathers" has apparently encouraged Mr. Mason to forsake historical romance, as we understand that the new novel on which he is engaged is to be a modern love-story of English society life.

We hear that arrangements are being made for the publication of a volume to contain the songs or verses in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Just-So Stories," with music.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has again decided to winter abroad, and this year he has gone to Switzerland.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is rapidly completing the manuscript of her new novel, which is, we understand, to run as a serial in the *Queen* prior to being published in book form by Miss Harraden's publishers, Messrs. Blackwood and Son, of Edinburgh.

Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co., of New York, expect to have the completed and finally revised edition of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Great Boer War" ready for publication immediately.

Miss Agnes Giberne is writing a new series of short stories for serial publication in the *Sunday Strand*.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. will shortly publish an English edition of "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," which have been attracting so much attention in America, while appearing serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia. The letters, which were published anonymously, now turn out to have been written by Mr. George H. Lorimer, the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's new novel is to be entitled "Haidée the Greek."

Messrs. Methuen are to publish "Anthea's Way," a new novel from the pen of Miss Adeline Sergeant, in the early spring of the new year.

A very numerous and distinguished company attended a dinner given on Friday, November 21st, by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, chief editor of the supplement to the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The grand hall of the Hotel Cecil was crowded. Its acoustic properties are not remarkably good, and some of the speeches were imperfectly heard. One of the most felicitous was that of Professor Bryce, who made a very graceful allusion to Professor Robertson Smith, the editor of the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Sir Donald

Mackenzie Wallace, in proposing the toast of the contributors to the Encyclopædia, gave some interesting particulars of the great undertaking, now well within sight of its conclusion. Early in February the eleven new volumes will have been given to the world in less than fourteen months, a result which must be regarded as satisfactory, when it is remembered that the publication of the twenty-four volumes of the ninth edition extended over a period of fourteen years. He stated that one eminent contributor had declined to accept remuneration for his articles, and that all the blandishments of the editor and the publishers failed to overcome his scruples. Sir Donald Wallace, like Mr. Bryce, dwelt on the services of the American editor, President Hadley, of Yale University, and mentioned that not a few distinguished American names were to be found on the lists of departmental editors, assistant editors, and contributors. He paid a well-deserved compliment to Mr. Hugh Chisholm, who took up the editorship when Sir Donald Wallace was compelled to retire for a time at least through ill-health. "As modesty is one of his conspicuous merits, I refrain from enumerating in his presence the many solid and brilliant qualities which he has displayed in carrying on the work, but I cannot help thinking that to his many-sided ability and boundless generosity is largely due any success we may have attained."

Mr. Edmund Gosse replied for literature and art. He said that when he was asked to take the direction of the literary division of the Encyclopædia his first cry was a cry for space, and the first step he took was to apply to the most eminent biographer and to the most brilliant poet now living in England—he meant of course Sir Leslie Stephen and Mr. Swinburne—to secure their help. They gave it at once, and with a cheerfulness and kindness which repeated themselves in every case as he went on with his invitations. The result was now partly visible to all readers of the Encyclopædia, and he did not think he was wrong in saying that it bore evidence on its face of the zeal and care and freshness which the contributors had brought to bear upon it. Mr. Gosse paid a special tribute to the excellence of the work of some of the less known contributors. He pointed to the very remarkable article on Recent French Literature by Mr. Maurice Baring, and said he might be read with advantage by a certain prominent advocate who did not always confine himself to his own business, a gentle hint to Sir Edward Clarke. He declared also that the article on Tolstoy, by Dr. Wright, would be one of the surprises of the final volume. Mr. Gosse deprecated confidence in answering the question—Is this a time of intellectual prosperity or destitution? He asked them to remember the insensibility of Montaigne to the merits of all his contemporaries. Europe was full of great men in his day. Montaigne looked round and could not find a single one. In the next age, and in their own country, Ben Jonson took occasion of the very moment when Shakespeare was producing his masterpieces to lament the total decay of poetry in England. They could not see the trees for the wood behind them, but he thought they ought to be confident that the trees were growing all the time. The production of successive editions of an Encyclopædia should make them particularly careful not to doubt the potential greatness of the living. This supplement contained a very large number of important critical biographies which everyone would now blame them if they had omitted, not one of which the editors of the ninth edition would have dreamed of including. So all the time the trees in the living wood went on growing higher and spreading their branches.

With reference to a paragraph, appearing in our last issue, to the effect that Mr. Pierpont Morgan had purchased the original MS. of Ruskin's "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" from Mr. George Allen for the sum of £5,000, we learn we have been misinformed with regard to this statement, which has no foundation in fact.

The Unicorn Press are about to publish a long poem by Alphonse Courlander, entitled "Perseus and Andromeda." The book will be illustrated with a frontispiece heliogravure reproduction of Leighton's picture.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

OCTOBER 20TH TO NOVEMBER 20TH, 1902.

The trade of the past month has been, upon the whole, satisfactory, and the demand in most classes of literature has been uniformly good. In comparing the present with the corresponding period of the past few years a marked improvement is evident not only in the class of work issued, but also in the nature of the sales. During the latter part of the month a slight slackening was apparent, but gave no cause for anxiety, as it is customary for a lull to take place before the height of the season, which is, strictly speaking, limited to the few weeks immediately preceding Christmas.

The output of 6s. fiction has been somewhat more limited than during the preceding month, but the sales in this class have been very large. Among the most successful of the new issues are "The Little White Bird," "Confessions of a Wife," "The Four Feathers," and "Lavinia," whilst "The Eternal City" (in both editions), "Moth and Rust," "Temporal Power," "The Vultures," "Paul Kelver," "The Hole in the Wall," "Fuel of Fire," together with many others, have been in constant request.

The most notable items in 3s. 6d. fiction have been "Between Ourselves," "Adventures of Downey V. Green," "Lady of the Barge," and the reissue of several of J. M. Barrie's works at this price.

The improvement of trade in the present year is noticeable by an increased number of the higher class artistic productions, which, whilst of necessity appealing to a more limited public, have yet met with an appreciable amount of success. The first place must be given to the "Life of J. M. W. Turner," by Sir Walter Armstrong, and amongst other

prominent items have been "The Book of Beauty," "Nineteenth Century Art," "Pintoricchio," and "Hogarth."

The abridged edition of John Wesley's "Journal" continues to attract many purchasers.

The past month has been particularly productive of biographical works, several of which have been very successful. Those especially calling for notice are "Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck," "The Life and Letters of F. Max Müller," "Celebrities and I," "Recollections of a Diplomatist." Owing to the various comments in the press as to the advisability of such reminiscences being made public property, the last named work has attracted a considerable amount of attention, and has sold very freely.

There has been quite a recrudescence of literature pertaining to the recent South African campaign, each volume of which, bearing upon it from a different point of view, has found its various admirers. Of these Kruger's "Memoirs," "With General French and the Cavalry," and "On the Heels of De Wet," have found most favour; whilst for the "Three Years War," written by the famous De Wet, large orders are being placed.

Children's illustrated books are this season more numerous than ever, and evince much taste in production, but although several have already become very popular, for instance, "Just So Stories," "Mr. Punch's Book for Children," "The Golliwogg's Air-ship," "A B C of Everyday People," "The Snow Baby," "Young George," "A Dog Day," "Yule's Book," and "Grant Richards' Annual," together with the various productions of Messrs. Nister, and Raphael Tuck, it is somewhat early to specify the successes of the season, as the bulk of the sales in this class takes place in the nearer vicinity of the festive season.

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

Portrait of a Knight of S. John of Jerusalem. From "Pintoricchio." (William Heinemann.) Reproduced by kind permission of the Publisher.

"Who's Who at the Zoo" must also be mentioned as being well to the front.

Several of the volumes in the famous Dumpy Series, and Bairns' Books are very popular at present.

The youthful community has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. G. A. Henty, whose works have always commanded a very extensive sale at this time of the year. Prize books are now beginning to sell freely, and many of the popular annual volumes of children's literature have moved briskly.

Almanacks, diaries, and calendars of all descriptions are now commanding a ready sale.

The various Christmas issues, with their coloured plates, are not so successful as in former years, but *Pears' Annual*, *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic*, together with a few others, still continue to form a large item in the business at this period of the year.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Moth and Rust. By Mary Cholmondeley. 6s. (J. Murray.)
The Vultures. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Fuel of Fire. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. and 2s. (Heinemann.)
Paul Kelver. By J. K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Confessions of a Wife. 6s. (Richards.)
Lavinia. By Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Intrusions of Peggy. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Temporal Power. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
If I were King. By J. H. MacCarthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Flower o' the Corn. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (J. Clarke.)
Love and the Soul Hunters. By J. O. Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)
The Lady of the Barge. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Harpers.)
Between Ourselves. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Adventures of Downey V. Green. By G. Calderon. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
J. M. Barrie's Works, re-issue at 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Life of J. M. W. Turner. By Sir W. Armstrong. £8 8s. net. (Agnew.)
Celebrities and I. By H. Corkran. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Recollections of a Diplomatist. By Sir H. Rumbold. 25s. net. (E. Arnold.)
John Wesley's Journal, abridged by P. L. Parker. 3s. 6d. net. (Isbister.)
Kruger (Paul) Memoirs. 2 vols. 32s. (Unwin.)
With General French and the Cavalry. By C. S. Goldmann. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)
Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Mr. Punch's Book for Children. By Chas. Pears. 6s. (Bradbury.)
The Golliwogg's Air-ship. By B. Upton. 6s. (Longman.)
A B C of Everyday People. By G. E. Farrow. 3s. 6d. (Dean.)
In Search of the Wallypug. By G. E. Farrow. 5s. (Pearson.)
Young George: His Life. By Edith Farmiloe. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Who's Who at the Zoo. By L. B. Thompson. 5s. (Gay and Bird.)
Several of the Dumpy Books, and the Bairns' Books.
Almanacks, Diaries, and Calendars, and several of the Christmas Numbers of the Illustrated periodicals and magazines.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Oct. 25—A very brisk week.
Nov. 1—A firm tone, and well sustained in all departments.
,, 8—Good in the Home Trade; but slack in Colonial and Export.
,, 15—A tendency to slackness in the Home Trade, but firmer in Export.

SCOTLAND.

OCTOBER 20TH TO NOVEMBER 20TH, 1902.

The month opened with great preparations on all hands for a brisk Christmas trade. In the direction of gift books, and everything of an illustrated nature, the competition was very keen. Of course, annuals, annual volumes, diaries, and similar publications connected with the period of the year, formed no inconsiderable part of the general business done. Quite worthy of note was the number of excellent books for children published, such as Mr. Kipling's "Just So Stories," "Punch's Book for Children," the volumes in "The Little One's Library," and specially Wain's "Nursery Book" may be mentioned in this connection as having been remarkably successful. The best selling 6s. novels were "Fuel of Fire," by Miss Fowler; "Intrusions of Peggy," by Anthony Hope; "Virginian," by Owen Wister; "The Sheepstealers," by Violet Jacob; "Flower o' the Corn," by S. R. Crockett; "Glengarry Days," by R. Connor; and specially "The Little White Bird," by J. M. Barrie, which promises to be one of the most popular of the works of that gifted author. As usual at this season, quite a number of religious works were issued, and of these the following bulked largely in orders received—"Representative Men of the Bible," by Dr. Matheson; "The Education of Christ," by Professor Ramsay; "The Gospel and Social Questions," by Rev. Ambrose Shepherd; "The Called of God," by the late Professor Davidson; and the sixth and concluding volume of Bible Characters, by Dr. Whyte, entitled "Our Lord's Characters." In books for young people, Mr. Henty's (whose lamented death was recently announced) were prominent, and the new volumes issued by the Religious Tract Society were popular. Missionary books were not numerous, but the "Life of John Mackenzie" proved of considerable local interest, as did also the volume of the complete Poems, by Walter C. Smith. The South African war continued to have public attention, and in such books as "On the Heels of De Wet," and Kruger's Memoirs, and in the immediate publication of "The Three Years War," by De Wet, the interest promises in all likelihood to be well maintained. Two successful books at 3s. 6d. were "The Wizard's Light," by S. Hocking, and "The Lady of the Barge," by W. W. Jacobs, and the leading novel at 5s. was "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by A. C. Hegan. Many additions were made to the already large variety of "Thin Paper Editions" of standard works, and the most attractive of these was the Edinburgh edition of Thomas Carlyle's works, for which there was a ready sale.

Magazine sales were not large. The "Art Magazine," with a beautiful plate, was much in request; "Munsey" went out of print; and as a new-comer "The World's Work" gained ready interest in advance.

The following is our usual list of best selling books throughout the month:—

The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Hodder.)
Fuel of Fire. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Cecilia. By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Gospel and Social Questions. By Rev. Ambrose Shepherd. 2s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Louis Wain's Nursery Book. 1s. (Clarke.)
The Sheepstealers. By Violet Jacob. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Glengarry Days. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder.)
Representative Men of the Bible. By Dr. Matheson. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Education of Christ. By Prof. Ramsay. 2s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The Intrusions of Peggy. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Donna Diana. By Richard Bagot. 6s. (Arnold.)
The Wizard's Light. By Silas Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)
Paul Kelver. By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. 5s. (Hodder.)
The Lady of the Barge. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)
The Poetical Works of W. C. Smith. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
Bible Characters. 6th volume. By Dr. Whyte. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
Little Ones' Library Volumes. 1s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Tried Favourites. By Mrs. Kirk. 1s. net. (Fairgrieve.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

DECEMBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

December 5th.

CUST, LIONEL, M.A., F.S.A.—The National Portrait Gallery. In 2 vols. Vol. 2. £6 6s. net ..... (Cassell and Co.)
White's Natural History of Selborne. With Note by R. Kearton, F.Z.S. 6s. ..... (Cassell and Co.)
HASLUCK, PAUL N. (Edited by).—Practical Graining and Marbling, 2s. ..... (Cassell and Co.)
BURTON, W.—English Porcelain, 30s. net ... (Cassell and Co.)

December 6th.

DUNN, A., JUN.—The Way of Cain, 2s. 6d. ..... (Routledge)
ISAACSON, REV. C. S.—Roads from Rome, 2s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
RUNDLE-WOOLCOCK, E. C.—The Bible Punchers, 2s. (Religious Tract Society)
ALDERSON, DR. F. H.—Indigestion, Its Prevention and Cure, 1s. ..... (Walter Scott)
GALE, NORMAN.—Barty's Star, 2s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott)
CRAIK, MRS.—A Life for a Life, 1s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott)

December 8th.

EMERSON, R. W.—Complete Works. 4 vols. 20s. and 25s. net (Routledge)
HERRING, FRANCES E.—Among the People of British Columbia, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
BLOOM, J. HARVEY, M.A.—Shakespeare's Church, 7s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)

December 9th.

BUTLER, HOWARD CROSBY.—The Story of Athens, 6s. net (F. Warne and Co.)

December 10th.

JAMES, G. P. R.—Historical Novels. 25 vols. 50s. net (Routledge)
TENNYSON, LORD.—Poetical Works, 1830—1860, 3s. 6d. (Routledge)

December 11th.

Whitaker's Almanack, 1903, 1s. and 3s. 6d. net (Whitaker and Sons)
Whitaker's Peerage, 1903, 3s. 6d. and 5s. net (Whitaker and Sons)

December 12th.

HASLUCK, PAUL N.—Bent Iron Work, 1s. ... (Cassell and Co.)
DUNN, A., JUN.—The Bridge Book, 3s. 6d. ..... (Routledge)
ROSE, ALGERNON S.—How to Choose a Piano, 1s. (Walter Scott)
DICKENS, CHARLES.—Christmas Books, 1s. 6d. (Walter Scott)

December 15th.

CUNNINGTON, REV. E. E.—Modern Chess Primer, 2s. and 3s. 6d. ..... (Routledge)
GARDNER, ALICE.—The Conflict of Duties, 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)

December 16th.

BENNETT, JOHN.—Barnaby Lee, 6s. ..... (F. Warne and Co.)

December 18th.

EVERETT-GREEN, E.—Joint Guardians, 2s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)

December 20th.

ABDY-WILLIAMS, C. F., M.A.—Story of Notation (Music Story Series), 3s. 6d. net ..... (Walter Scott)

January 5th.

LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE.—Dramatic Sonnets, Poems, and Ballads (Canterbury Poets), 1s. ..... (Walter Scott)

The Most Popular Books of the Season.

We have pleasure in publishing a number of reports from booksellers throughout the country, giving a list of the most popular books of the season in Theology, Fiction, History and Biography, Juvenile Literature, Reprints and New Editions, etc. It should be stated that several very popular books have been published since these reports were sent in, notably General de Wet's "Three Years War" and Ralph Connor's "Glengarry Days."

LONDON, E.C.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Whyte: Our Lord's Characters.
Matheson: Representative Men of the Bible.
James: Varieties of Religious Experience.
Denney: Death of Christ.
Jowett: Thirsting for the Springs.
Davidson: Called of God.

FICTION.

Barrie: The Little White Bird.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Corelli: Temporal Power.
Wister: Virginian.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Drummond and Upton: Life of Martineau.
Lovett: Chalmers's Life.
Adamson: Dr. Parker's Life.
Acton: The Cambridge Modern History.
Harrison: Ruskin.
Stopford Brooke: Browning.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Punch's Book for Children.
Louis Wain: Nursery Book.
Bairns' Books.
Potter: Peter Rabbit.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Watson: Life of the Master.
W. C. Smith: Poetical Works.
Brown: Bunyan.
Trench's Parables.
Trench's Miracles.

The new editions of many well-known books on India paper continue to be constantly inquired after. A considerable interest is shown, too, in the forthcoming complete Ruskin, in thirty volumes.

LONDON, W.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

The Oxford Library of Practical Theology.
Handbooks for the Clergy.
The Temple Bible.
Miller's Books.

FICTION.

Barrie: The Little White Bird.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Hobbes: Love and the Soul Hunters.
Hope: The Intrusions of Peggy.
Crawford: Cecilia.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Creighton: Historical Essays and Reviews.
Drummond and Upton: Life of Martineau.
Roosevelt: A Strenuous Life.
Macmillan's English Men of Letters (Tennyson and Ruskin).
Menpes: World Pictures and Japan.
Bowen: Edward Bowen—A Memoir.
Kelly: Egypt.
Witt: How to Look at Pictures.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Lang: Book of Romance.
Henty: With Kitchener in the Soudan.
Thompson: Who's Who at the Zoo.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Grant Richards's World Classics.
Dent's Temple Classics.
Dickens (Biographical Edition).
Dickens (India Paper Edition).
Carlyle (India Paper Edition).

MANCHESTER.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Drummond and Upton: Life of Martineau.
Menpes: World Pictures.
Kelly: Egypt.
Acton: Cambridge Modern History.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Lang: Book of Romance.
Henty: With Kitchener in the Soudan.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Dickens, Thackeray, Scott (New Century Edition).
Farrar: Eric, Julian Home, St. Winifred (India Paper edition).

BIRMINGHAM.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

James: The Varieties of Religious Experience.
Illingworth: Reason and Revelation.
Handbooks for the Clergy.
The Oxford Library of Practical Theology.
Miller's Books.
The Temple Bible.

FICTION.

Crawford: Cecilia.
Hope: The Intrusions of Peggy.
Barrie: The Little White Bird.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Hobbes: Love and the Soul Hunters.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Drummond and Upton: Life of Martineau.
Murray: Jeanne D'Arc.

De Wet: Three Years War. (Advance orders.)
Macdonell: Sons of Francis.
Kruger: Memoirs.
Merivale: Bar, Stage, and Platform.
Acton: The Cambridge Modern History.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Molesworth: Peterkin.
Upton: The Golliwogg's Air-Ship.
Lang: The Book of Romance.
Henty: With Kitchener in the Soudan.
Henty: With the British Legion.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

John Inglesant. Edition de luxe.
Edward Fitz-Gerald.
Wendell Holmes: Breakfast Table Series.
Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Classics.
Rowntree: Poverty.
Traill: Social England.

LEEDS.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Fairbairn: Philosophy of Religion.
Hastings: Bible Dictionary.
Matheson: Representative Men of the Bible.
James: Varieties of Religious Experience.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Weyman: In Kings' Byways.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Carey: Highway of Fate.
Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Macmillan's English Men of Letters.
Stopford Brooke: Browning.
Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature.
Wesley's Journals.
Oaksmith: Religion of Plato.
Conan Doyle: Great Boer War.
Austin: Haunts of Ancient Peace.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Lang: Book of Romance.
Wain: Nursery Book.
Reynolds: Hut on the Island.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Dickens: Biographical edition.
Rowntree: Poverty.
Barrett: Sign of the Cross.
Hall Caine: The Christian.
Arnold: Literature and Dogma.
Avebury: Use of Life.

NOTTINGHAM.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Denney: Death of Christ.
Illingworth: Reason and Revelation.

FICTION.

Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Crawford: Cecilia.
Barrie: Little White Bird.
Wister: Virginian.
Phillpotts: The River.
Hobbes: Love and Soul Hunters.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Lang: Book of Romance.
Grant Richards's Annual.
Henty's Books.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Watson: Life of the Master.
Traill: Social England.
Green: Short History of the English People.

CROYDON.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Miller: The Upper Currents.

FICTION.

Merriman: The Vultures.
Carey: Highway of Fate.
Corelli: Temporal Power.
Crawford: Cecilia.
Oppenheim: The Great Awakening.
Crockett: Flower o' the Corn.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Henty: With Kitchener in the Soudan.
Henty: With the British Legion.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Ben Hur.
Last Sentence.
Double Thread.
East Lynne.
Lunatic at Large.
Ships that Pass in the Night.

SOUTHAMPTON.

FICTION.

Merriman: The Vultures.
Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.
Barrie: Little White Bird.
Jacobs: Lady of the Barge.
Mason: Four Feathers.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Lovett: Chalmers's Life.
Stopford Brooke: Browning.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Lang: Book of Romance.
Upton: Golliwogg's Air-Ship.

RUGBY.

FICTION.

Merriman: The Vultures.
Corelli: Temporal Power.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.
Weyman: Kings' Byways.
Crawford: Cecilia.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Henty's Books.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Miller: Upper Currents.
Stalker: Seven Cardinal Virtues.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.
Barrie: Little White Bird.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Weyman: In King's Byways.
Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Creighton: Historical Essays and Reviews.
Clayton: Father Dolling.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Henty: With Kitchener in the Soudan.
Henty: With the British Legion.
Henty: Treasure of the Incas.
Lang: Book of Romance.
Upton: Golliwogg's Air-Ship.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Barrie: My Lady Nicotine.
Barrie: Window in Thrums.
Watson: Life of the Master.
Hall Caine: Eternal City.

There is a constant demand for tasteful editions; Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Classics, Nelson's New Century Thackeray and Dickens, Grant Richards's World's Classics, Dent's Temple Classics, Newnes's thin paper editions, the Unit Library, all selling well, especially in the limp leather bindings.

TORQUAY.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Oxford Library of Practical Theology.
Preparatio.
Gore's Works.
Westcott's Works.

FICTION.

Cholmondeley: Moth and Rust.
Phillpotts: The River.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Barrie: The Little White Bird.
Crawford: Cecilia.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Macmillan's English Men of Letters: (Tennyson and Ruskin).
Menpes: World Pictures.
Menpes: Japan.
Kelly: Egypt.
Gardner: Florence.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Molesworth: Peterkin.
S.P.C.K. and R.T.S. Story Books.
Henty's Books.

RAMSGATE.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Moule's Thoughts for Sundays of the Year.
Winnington-Ingram's Books.
The Temple Bible.
Miller's Books.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Carey: Highway of Fate
Jerome: Paul Kelver
Mason: Four Feathers.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Conan Doyle: History of the War.
Clayton: Father Dolling.
"Linesman": Words by an Eye-Witness.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Dumpy Books.
Kipling: Just So Stories.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Grant Richards's World's Classics.
New Century Library.
Dent's Temple Classics.
Ben Hur, 6d.

VENTNOR.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

The Temple Bible (Introduction).
McCarthy's Priests and People in Ireland.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Lovett: Chalmers's Life.
Bell's Miniature Painters.
Dent's Mediæval Town Series.

FICTION.

Hobbes: Love and Soul Hunters.
Corelli: Temporal Power.
Ralph Connor's Books (3).

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Just So Stories.
Henty's Books.
Meade's Books.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Maxwell Gray's Books.
Hobbes's Books.
Temple Classics.

CARDIFF.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Oxford Library of Practical Theology.
Canon Gore's Works.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Master Christian.
Eternal City.

CAMBRIDGE.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Carey: Highway of Fate.
Cholmondeley: Moth and Rust.
Weyman: King's Byways.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Little Black Quibba.
Kipling: Just So Stories.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Grant Richards's World's Classics.
Dent's Temple Classics.

NORWICH.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Buxton: In Many Keys.
Westcott: Lessons from Work.
Miller's Books.
Moule: Thoughts for Sundays of the Year.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Carey: Highway of Fate.
Weyman: King's Byways.
Ralph Connor: Sky Pilot.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Dutt: Highways and Byways (East Anglia).
Buxton: Shooting and Fishing.
Buxton: Two African Trips.
Wesley's Journals.
Conan Doyle: Boer War.
Lovett: Chalmers's Life.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Meade: Rebel of the School.
Henty's Books.
Brereton: One of the Fighting Scouts.
Upton: Golliwogg's Air-Ship.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Century Dickens.
Century Thackeray.
Dent's Temple Classics.
Dickens (Authentic Edition).
Lorna Doone.
East Lynne.
Paul Patoff.
Troddles, Us, and Others.

IPSWICH.

FICTION.

Carey: Highway of Fate.
Corelli: Temporal Power.
Kipling: Just So Stories.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Barrie: Little White Bird.
Merriman: The Vultures.

STOCKPORT.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Drummond and Upton: Life of Martineau.
The Temple Bible.
Matheson: Representative Men of the Bible.

FICTION.

Barrie: Little White Bird.
Carey: Highway of Fate.
Mason: The Four Feathers.
Jacobs: Lady of the Barge.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Corelli: Temporal Power.
Hocking: Wizard's Light.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Menpes: Japan.
Kelly: Egypt.
Conan Doyle: Great Boer War. Complete Edition.
Gissing: Forster's Life of Dickens.
Macmillan's English Men of Letters.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Upton: Golliwogg's Air-Ship.
Lang: Book of Romance.
Dumpy Books (Various).

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Pocket Editions of Macmillan's, Nelson's, Dent's, Chatto's, Chapman and Hall's, etc.
Wendell Holmes: Breakfast Table Series.

LEAMINGTON.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Miller: Upper Currents.
Winnington Ingram: Under the Dome.

FICTION.

Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Crawford: Cecilia.
Barrie: The Little White Bird.
Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.
Corelli: Temporal Power.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Lovett: Chalmers's Life.
Stopford Brooke: Browning.
Robertson: Erromanga.
Macmillan's English Men of Letters (Ruskin and Tennyson).

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Upton: Golliwogg's Air-Ship.
Denslow: Mother Goose.
Henty's New Books.
Grant Richards's Annual.
Dumpy Books.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Macmillan's Pocket Cranford Series.
Grant Richards's World's Classics.
Bell's Life and Light Series.
Chatto and Windus's Thin Paper Editions.
Virtue's Editions.
Nelson's Editions.

WIGAN.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Campbell Morgan: First Century Message.
Matheson: Representative Men of the Bible.
Jowett: Thirsting for the Springs.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.
Hobbes: Love and the Soul Hunters.
Barrie: Little White Bird.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Hocking: Wizard's Light.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Wesley's Journals.
Adamson: Dr. Parker's Life.
Lovett: Chalmers' Life.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Lang: Book of Romance.

EDINBURGH.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Davidson: Called of God.
Denney: Death of Christ.
The Temple Bible.
Ramsay: Education of Christ.
Matheson: Representative Men of Bible.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Crawford: Cecilia.
Barrie: Little White Bird.
Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.
Clouston: Adventure of M. D'Haricot.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Mackenzie's Life.
Saintsbury: Criticism. Vol. II.
Menpes: World Pictures.
Kelly: Egypt.
Stopford Brooke: Browning.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Henty's Books.
Meade's New Volumes.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Macmillan's Reprints of Jane Austen, Mitford, etc.
Dent's Temple Classics.
Barrie and Ian Maclaren's Vols.
Macmillan's English Men of Letters.
Good demand for 6d. editions, especially Literature and Dogma, Riddle of Universe, etc.

ABERDEEN.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Fairbairn: Philosophy of Christian Religion.
Jowett: Brooks by the Traveller's Way.
Jowett: Apostolic Optimism.
Davidson: Called of God.
Denney: Death of Christ.
Strachan: Hebrew Ideals.

FICTION.

Corelli: Temporal Power.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Graham Travers: Way of Escape.
Wiggin: Penelope's Irish Experiences.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Macmillan's English Men of Letters.
Stopford Brooke: Browning.
Wesley's Journals.
Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature. Vols. I. and II.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Bairns' Coronation Books.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Darwin's Life, Descent of Man, etc.

INVERNESS.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Denney: Death of Christ.
Morrison: Flood Tide.
Davidson: Called of God.
James: Varieties of Religious Experience.
Fairbairn: Philosophy of Christian Religion.
The Temple Bible. 25 vols.

FICTION.

Merriman: The Vultures.
Duchess of Sutherland: Winds of the World.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Corelli: Temporal Power.
Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.
Jacobs: Lady of the Barge.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

De Wet: Three Years War. (Large advance orders.)
Lang: History of Scotland. Vol. II.
Chambers's English Literature. Vol. II.
Campbell: Superstitions of the Highlands.
Tulloch: The '45.
Maclagan: Evil Eye in the Highlands.
Freer: Outer Isles.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Dumpy Books. New vols.
Louis Wain: Nursery Book.
Grant Richards's Children's Annual.
Henty: With Kitchener in the Soudan.
Everett-Green: A Hero of the Highlands.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Grant Richards's World's Classics.
Dickens: Authentic Edition, and others.
Lucas: Verses for Children.
Hugh Miller's Books, Bell's Miniature Artists.

DUMFRIES.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

Hastings: Bible Dictionary.
Whyte: Bible Characters.
Matheson: Representative Men of the Bible.
Black: Culture and Restraint.
Macmillan: Bible Teachings in Nature.

FICTION.

Barrie: Little White Bird.
Hope: Intrusions of Peggy.
Crawford: Cecilia.
Carey: Highway of Fate.
Cholmondeley: Moth and Rust.
Merriman: The Vultures.
Fowler: Fuel of Fire.
Corelli: Temporal Power.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Macmillan's English Men of Letters.
De Wet: Three Years War. (Advance orders.)
Kruger: Memoirs.
Conan Doyle: Great Boer War. Complete.
Chambers's Cyclo. English Literature. Vols. I. and II.
Whymper: Scrambles Among the Alps.
Kingsley: Travels in West Africa.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Kipling: Just So Stories.
Henty: With the British Legion.
Henty: With Kitchener in the Soudan.
Lang: Book of Romance.
Upton: Golliwogg's Air-Ship.
Little Black Sambo Series.
Lear: Book of Nonsense.
Caldecott's Picture Books.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS.

Green: Short History of the English People. New edition. Vol. I.
India Paper editions: Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens.
India Paper editions: Thos. Carlyle.
India Paper editions: Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, etc.
Barrie and Ian Maclaren's Vols.
Macmillan's Reprints of Rhoda Broughton, Rosa Carey, Jane Austen, and others.
Sixpenny editions of Popular Modern and Latter Day Fiction.

A VERSATILE PHYSICIAN.

By W. SCOTT KING.

THE Solent may be unrivalled as a superb anchorage for a fleet on review, but there—at least to many—its excellencies come to an end. Besides having earned, and justly, an unenviable reputation as a grave of tourists' luggage, it is apt to be regarded by those who live in the Isle of Wight more as a barrier than a medium of communication. Since the death of Lord Tennyson and the assured fame of Maxwell Gray, literary interest in the "Garden of England"—a garden, be it remembered, that has produced "The Dairyman's Daughter," "Lamia," "The Silence of Dean Maitland," and "Robert Orange," to give four contrasted specimens of its fertility—has chiefly centred in George H. R. Dabbs, M.D., whose versatile pen in fiction, drama, and poetry is not so well known on the mainland as it deserves. It must be the Solent. Otherwise how is it that "The Manor Inn," and "Ugly, a Hospital Dog," are absent from the shelf that holds the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" and "Around the Red Lamp"; that "Dante," a dramatic poem, is missing from the collection of those who worship the great Florentine;

From Photo by] GEORGE H. R. DABBS, M.D. *[Lander & Jolliffe, Shanklin.*

From Photo by] DR. DABBS. *[Cameron Studio.*

or that "Before Good Night" is not found on the white coverlet of every sick child in the land?

It *must* be the Solent.

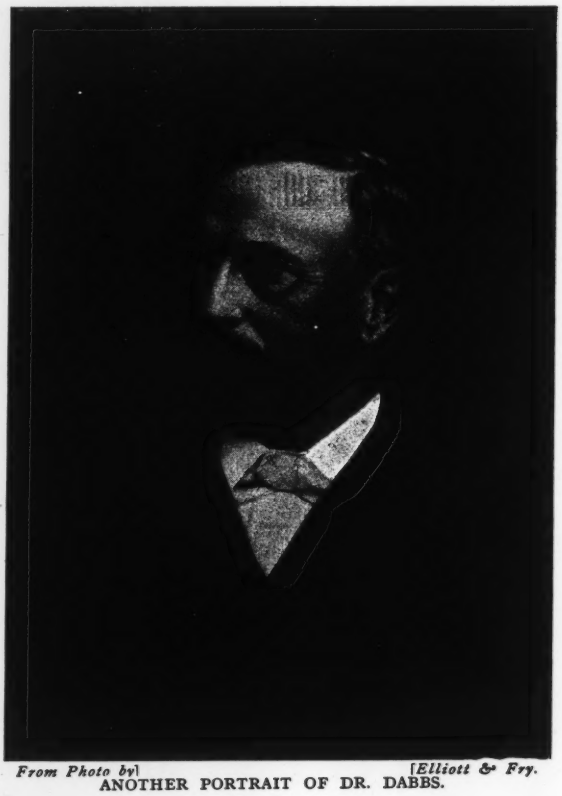
Several recent events, however, tiny ripples on the tossing sea of contemporary literature, have caused many to entertain the hope that this many-sided medical practitioner is at last coming into his own. Last August there appeared a Coronation Ode, entitled "Consecrate," which stood out from the mass of sycophant verse as a thing apart, a work of distinction.

Two months ago, in the pages of the *Queen*, commenced a second series of the "Ugly" stories, being the sagely humorous reflections upon the drama, continental spies, and the cosmopolitan human nature observable in a London hospital ward, by a hospital watch dog. And lastly, the rumour has just been confirmed of the retirement from his practice, and removal to undertake literary and journalistic work in London, of one who has been for thirty-five years the foremost medical man, the brightest personality and chief writer in the Island. Still, there are many to whom any special fitness of occasion will be superfluous. To these "fit and few," any occasion is an appropriate one for hearing something more of a writer whom they admire. And they will include those who years ago witnessed Miss Elizabeth Robins' sympathetic appearance at the Criterion in "Her Own Witness," Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Waller at the Vaudeville in "Our Angels," Laura Johnson's spiritual impersonation at St. George's Hall of the Spirit of Beatrice in "Dante," or remember the way in which the review of Lord Tennyson's biography in the *Quarterly* was enriched by many a personal detail which only a friend of the Poet Laureate's could have added.

George Henry Roque Dabbs was born fifty-six years ago at Portsmouth, not far from the birth-house of his early friend and master, Charles Dickens, and within a couple of good stone-throws of the first home of Sir Walter Besant. His mother was a Spanish lady, which accounts for his own name of Roque, and suggests the key to those vivid Spanish scenes which accompany the weird story of "The Manor Inn." His father was a naval staff surgeon, who a short time after his son's birth was in charge of the convict hulks at Woolwich, and who in earlier life at Haslar had had Huxley and Andrew Clark for colleagues.

When school days were over young Dabbs became a medical student, and afterwards was in the "House" at King's College Hospital. These were boisterously jovial days. Besides taking upon his mind a hundred queer negatives of the diversified types of humanity that hourly passed through the wards, which thirty years later he would develop with such surprising skill, one hears of enthusiastic "first-nights" at Charles Kean's theatre, vacations spent as a strolling player, when parts were sustained in over a score of original plays, and surreptitious time devoted to bringing the muscles of favourite prize-fighters of the day up to the required pitch. The zest of a multifarious life seems to have taken possession of the youthful surgeon, and has remained to be a distinguishing mark of the mature man.

Then, as now, one profession was not enough for him. He hungered and thirsted to sample many kinds of life. After a period abroad, where he picked up a knowledge of French and Spanish, besides a sackful of curious lore as to gipsy customs, wild manners, and strange faiths, the amateur actor, mystical poet, and intensely humanistic observer of life and its by-ways returned to set up as a country doctor in the Isle of Wight. Here for thirty-five years he worked with prodigal industry, building up an extended practice, and making himself at the end of it the best known and most popular figure in



From Photo by] *[Elliott & Fry.*
ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF DR. DABBS.

the Island. Until a few years ago Dr. Dabbs was chiefly known to the wider world as the medical attendant and constant companion of Lord Tennyson, and as a playwright of much promise. Now, however, he has made half a dozen bids for reputation as a poet and a novelist.

If one is privileged to spend a late evening with Dr. Dabbs, when he returns from duty at Scio House, his children's hospital, or from the sick poor in the isolated inland farms, to smoke a cigarette in his red-papered "den," conversation almost inevitably drifts to the subject of the famous men and women whom the doctor has met. To Farringford, from time to time, had come most of those who in the middle Victorian period added glory to English letters. He tells of witnessing the meeting in the upstairs study between Tennyson and Phillips Brooks. The poet, himself no mean figure, lifted his gaze to take in the giant

In company with the two sons of the poet, he frequently acted for the entertainment of Tennyson and his guests at Mrs. Cameron's little theatre at Freshwater.

Speaking of the doctor's acquaintance with the famous men and women of the time, he never wearies of telling how Charles Dickens published his first short story, not, however, before that exacting editor had returned it for revision three times. Also of the long talks he had with George Eliot when she was staying at Freshwater with Mrs. Cameron, and how he marvelled at the precision and care with which, when writing "Middlemarch," she had mastered every detail of Laennec's discovery and use of the stethoscope. Though a great admirer of George Eliot's works, there is no trace whatever of her influence in Dr. Dabbs' writings. Everywhere the master influence is Dickens. Every reader of "Before Good Night," and its sequel,

"HIGHFIELD," RESIDENCE OF DR. DABBS.

American, then exclaimed in amused admiration, "Well, you are a mon!"

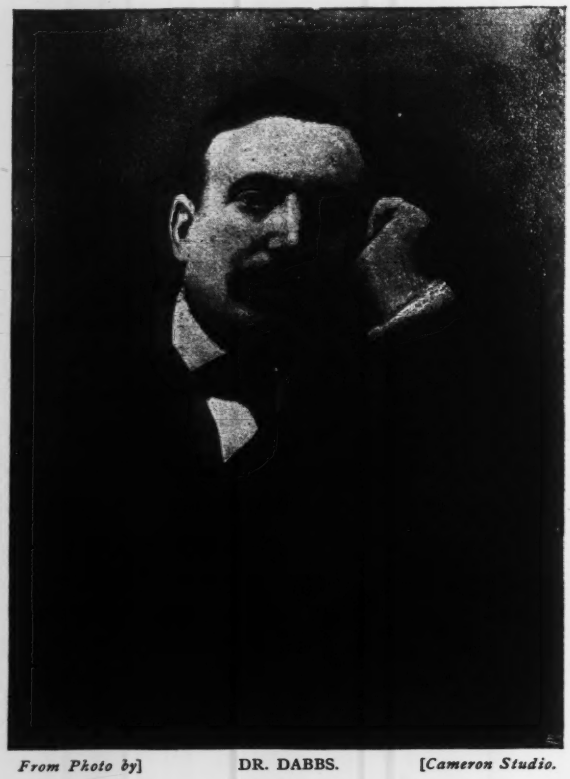
At Freshwater the doctor attended Ward, "ideal Ward," as we used to call him, nick-naming him after his book, Miss Mary Anderson, the old Duke of Argyll, Professor Jowett, and many others.

In later days Haslemere saw perhaps more of this and kindred society than Freshwater, as the Poet was there more and more, but in the earlier period of Dr. Dabbs' career Freshwater was the literary Mecca, and long remained so.

Naturally he waxes most eloquent over his illustrious patient. The poet, he says, would rise while all the house was still asleep, and wander out upon the white cliffs above Freshwater, then return and roll out to the breakfast-table one sonorous line of the sea, the harvest of that early dawn. And indeed his many touches of familiar life as to Tennyson are given with a rare insight, if only the humour is on him to think aloud.

"From Door to Door," will understand the hold the creator of Paul Dombey and Little Nell has had upon their author. As stories of childhood and children, they are difficult to match. Two years ago, when they appeared, one critic declared they contained "notes of beauty, humour, and pathos, hardly heard since Dickens wrote," while another said, "At last Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing has found a worthy successor in the art of telling stories for children." Next to his understanding of the subtle workings of the child mind comes Dr. Dabbs' divinely uncanny treatment of cat and dog life—not of the marital, brawling order. After reading of them, Ugly and Red Corpuscle curl themselves up to one's hearth as friends for ever, while Sarah Marks raises her virtuous back and retires to the drawing-room sofa, from which no lover of good literature or animal psychology will ever have the heart to drive her.

To complete the tale of this busy practitioner's multifarious interests, it should be said that every Friday there



From Photo by] DR. DABBS. *[Cameron Studio.*

or that "Before Good Night" is not found on the white coverlet of every sick child in the land?

It *must* be the Solent.

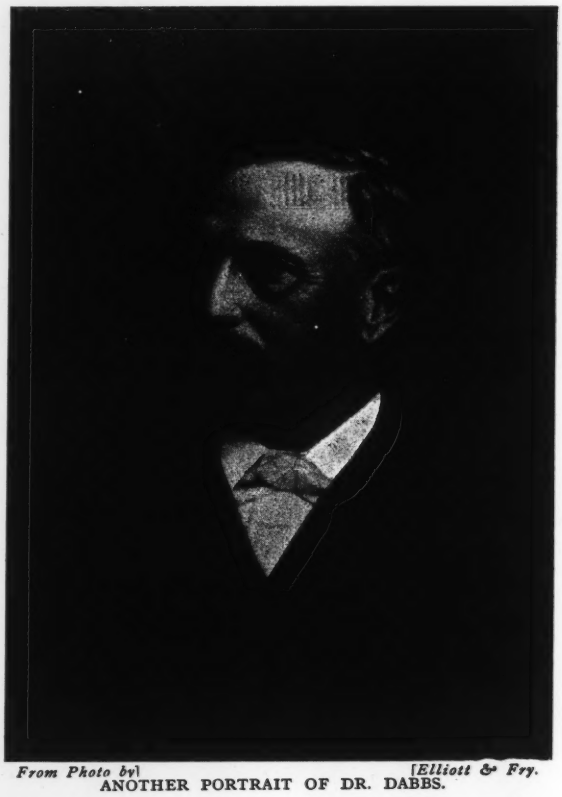
Several recent events, however, tiny ripples on the tossing sea of contemporary literature, have caused many to entertain the hope that this many-sided medical practitioner is at last coming into his own. Last August there appeared a Coronation Ode, entitled "Consecrate," which stood out from the mass of sycophant verse as a thing apart, a work of distinction.

Two months ago, in the pages of the *Queen*, commenced a second series of the "Ugly" stories, being the sagely humorous reflections upon the drama, continental spies, and the cosmopolitan human nature observable in a London hospital ward, by a hospital watch dog. And lastly, the rumour has just been confirmed of the retirement from his practice, and removal to undertake literary and journalistic work in London, of one who has been for thirty-five years the foremost medical man, the brightest personality and chief writer in the Island. Still, there are many to whom any special fitness of occasion will be superfluous. To these "fit and few," any occasion is an appropriate one for hearing something more of a writer whom they admire. And they will include those who years ago witnessed Miss Elizabeth Robins' sympathetic appearance at the Criterion in "Her Own Witness," Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Waller at the Vaudeville in "Our Angels," Laura Johnson's spiritual impersonation at St. George's Hall of the Spirit of Beatrice in "Dante," or remember the way in which the review of Lord Tennyson's biography in the *Quarterly* was enriched by many a personal detail which only a friend of the Poet Laureate's could have added.

George Henry Roque Dabbs was born fifty-six years ago at Portsmouth, not far from the birth-house of his early friend and master, Charles Dickens, and within a couple of good stone-throws of the first home of Sir Walter Besant. His mother was a Spanish lady, which accounts for his own name of Roque, and suggests the key to those vivid Spanish scenes which accompany the weird story of "The Manor Inn." His father was a naval staff surgeon, who a short time after his son's birth was in charge of the convict hulks at Woolwich, and who in earlier life at Haslar had had Huxley and Andrew Clark for colleagues.

When school days were over young Dabbs became a medical student, and afterwards was in the "House" at King's College Hospital. These were boisterously jovial days. Besides taking upon his mind a hundred queer negatives of the diversified types of humanity that hourly passed through the wards, which thirty years later he would develop with such surprising skill, one hears of enthusiastic "first-nights" at Charles Kean's theatre, vacations spent as a strolling player, when parts were sustained in over a score of original plays, and surreptitious time devoted to bringing the muscles of favourite prize-fighters of the day up to the required pitch. The zest of a multifarious life seems to have taken possession of the youthful surgeon, and has remained to be a distinguishing mark of the mature man.

Then, as now, one profession was not enough for him. He hungered and thirsted to sample many kinds of life. After a period abroad, where he picked up a knowledge of French and Spanish, besides a sackful of curious lore as to gipsy customs, wild manners, and strange faiths, the amateur actor, mystical poet, and intensely humanistic observer of life and its by-ways returned to set up as a country doctor in the Isle of Wight. Here for thirty-five years he worked with prodigal industry, building up an extended practice, and making himself at the end of it the best known and most popular figure in



From Photo by] *[Elliott & Fry.*
ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF DR. DABBS.

the Island. Until a few years ago Dr. Dabbs was chiefly known to the wider world as the medical attendant and constant companion of Lord Tennyson, and as a playwright of much promise. Now, however, he has made half a dozen bids for reputation as a poet and a novelist.

If one is privileged to spend a late evening with Dr. Dabbs, when he returns from duty at Scio House, his children's hospital, or from the sick poor in the isolated inland farms, to smoke a cigarette in his red-papered "den," conversation almost inevitably drifts to the subject of the famous men and women whom the doctor has met. To Farringford, from time to time, had come most of those who in the middle Victorian period added glory to English letters. He tells of witnessing the meeting in the upstairs study between Tennyson and Phillips Brooks. The poet, himself no mean figure, lifted his gaze to take in the giant

"HIGHFIELD," RESIDENCE OF DR. DABBS.

American, then exclaimed in amused admiration, "Well, you are a mon!"

At Freshwater the doctor attended Ward, "ideal Ward," as we used to call him, nick-naming him after his book, Miss Mary Anderson, the old Duke of Argyll, Professor Jowett, and many others.

In later days Haslemere saw perhaps more of this and kindred society than Freshwater, as the Poet was there more and more, but in the earlier period of Dr. Dabbs' career Freshwater was the literary Mecca, and long remained so.

Naturally he waxes most eloquent over his illustrious patient. The poet, he says, would rise while all the house was still asleep, and wander out upon the white cliffs above Freshwater, then return and roll out to the breakfast-table one sonorous line of the sea, the harvest of that early dawn. And indeed his many touches of familiar life as to Tennyson are given with a rare insight, if only the humour is on him to think aloud.

In company with the two sons of the poet, he frequently acted for the entertainment of Tennyson and his guests at Mrs. Cameron's little theatre at Freshwater.

Speaking of the doctor's acquaintance with the famous men and women of the time, he never wearies of telling how Charles Dickens published his first short story, not, however, before that exacting editor had returned it for revision three times. Also of the long talks he had with George Eliot when she was staying at Freshwater with Mrs. Cameron, and how he marvelled at the precision and care with which, when writing "Middlemarch," she had mastered every detail of Laennec's discovery and use of the stethoscope. Though a great admirer of George Eliot's works, there is no trace whatever of her influence in Dr. Dabbs' writings. Everywhere the master influence is Dickens. Every reader of "Before Good Night," and its sequel, "From Door to Door," will understand the hold the creator of Paul Dombey and Little Nell has had upon their author. As stories of childhood and children, they are difficult to match. Two years ago, when they appeared, one critic declared they contained "notes of beauty, humour, and pathos, hardly heard since Dickens wrote," while another said, "At last Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing has found a worthy successor in the art of telling stories for children." Next to his understanding of the subtle workings of the child mind comes Dr. Dabbs' divinely uncanny treatment of cat and dog life—not of the marital, brawling order. After reading of them, Ugly and Red Corpuscle curl themselves up to one's hearth as friends for ever, while Sarah Marks raises her virtuous back and retires to the drawing-room sofa, from which no lover of good literature or animal psychology will ever have the heart to drive her.

To complete the tale of this busy practitioner's multifarious interests, it should be said that every Friday there

"I am with headache."
ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF DR. DABBS.

appears in his own little town of Shanklin a half-penny paper, to which he contributes a page of social and literary notes, and discourses on things in general—the war, the death of his old friend Bret Harte, the latest absurdity perpetrated by the District Council, a new bicycle lamp, ritualism, did opium help or hinder De Quincey's imagination? and even theories of eternal punishment—and all the rest.

For many years also he has edited *Vectis*, a monthly illustrated magazine for the Island, recently changed to a quarterly.

And what more shall be said? Merely this, that after opening a bazaar, or lovingly attending some wee patient in his children's hospital, giving a lecture to a P.S.A. on the ethical teaching of Charles Dickens, or reading for three hours at a stretch in the Institute, from his favourites Tennyson, Kipling, Dickens, and Will Carleton, this handy man goes home, alas! to his widowed house amid the trees, and there, among servants who adore him, and dogs who obey his slightest word, in the gaze of those sad-searching eyes which look out from Ellis Wilkinson's painting of his wife, he becomes again the man he essentially is—the dreamer, the poet, the mystic.

Now to any one who has an eye for living contrasts or professional anomalies, the novelty of such a man lies in the fact that all this literary activity and cosmopolitan family of interests belong to one who sustains from morning to night, from one year's end to another, the heavy burdens of an extended rural medical practice.

Medical men, especially country practitioners, if only from lack of time, are inevitably men of contracted intellectual sympathies and interests. Beyond their professional work, with the exception of a late evening cigar at the small club, or a bi-yearly game of billiards or golf, their sole social duty seems to be performed when they take the chair at a meeting of the Bible Society—which they have the habit of vacating at the summons of a note before the deputation speaks—or consent to stand as president for the local Cottage Garden Association. One meets a country doctor who really reads about as often as one meets a rhinoceros strolling down Fleet Street, while a country doctor who writes anything else than illegible Latin is as rare as a Lancashire mill-hand who has never been to the Isle of Man. Nor does a wider range of selection improve matters much. How few members of the medical profession have added permanently to English literature. One thinks at once of Sir Thomas Browne and the "Religio Medici," of Dr. John Brown and of the genial "autocrat" over the water, and the creator of Sherlock Holmes reports himself, of course, though Sir Conan Doyle had given up his practice in Portsmouth some time before he was, perhaps somewhat rashly—if indirectly—the sponsor for the habit of cocaine intensifying the detective faculty.

But Dr. Dabbs still retains his immense practice, tiring out two pairs of horses most days in paying calls throughout the whole Island. He possesses the elixir of modern life—the art of making time. Four o'clock every morning, winter and summer, finds him brewing his cup of tea in his study-bedroom, and by half-past four he is at his desk, the professional frock-coat abandoned for a seaman's jersey, reviewing, composing, editing.

During his long drives in his brougham he reads, so that if he calls at the Rectory he is quite ready to discuss the last volume of the "Encyclopædia Biblica," and if he chances to be asked to take afternoon tea anywhere, and his opinion is desired of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" by some blushing maiden, ten to one he has got it in his overcoat pocket.

One of the most searching criticisms to which I have heard Mr. Kidd's recent book subjected, came from the lips of Dr. Dabbs while waiting for one of our never-punctual Island trains. At another time, when Mr. Stephen

From Photo by A PORTRAIT OF DR. DABBS, [*Brown, Shanklin.*
with the child who figures in his stories "Before Good-night" and "From door to door."

"UGLY," A HOSPITAL DOG.
Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Deacon and Co.

Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca" was produced at the St. James's, he astonished a dinner-table company by repeating from memory every passage that came up for comment. Many men can do this sort of thing, I know, but how many country doctors?

Another way in which Dr. Dabbs refreshingly violates the accepted traditions of his profession is in his optimism. He is boundlessly, some of his friends and critics say outrageously, and, everybody adds, incurably, hopeful. This is the only thing that puts him out of court among modern writers, the one and only way in which he proclaims himself to be growing old. He spends his days in the most depressing of employments. His constituency reeks of dyspepsia, neurosis, and tuberculosis; his consulting room is haunted during the day with moral no less than physical anæmics and hypochondriacs, and at night by prodigals, social and intellectual lepers and pariahs—the dead-beats, the grown-up waifs and strays of humanity—and yet his voice is resonant with a deeply anchored buoyancy, and his spirit is unbroken. Of the shoulder-shrugging pessimism, or the blunt but withal cheerful despair of the average man with a stethoscope in his silk hat, there is not a trace.

Amid all the moral decadence and physical wasting of our strenuous age, Dr. Dabbs refuses to go uncomforted. Judging by his books, his creed seems to be that so long as there are ten upright men left in the world to fall in love with as many true-hearted women—not with more—so long as street arabs are divinely impertinent and blue eyes grow big at the telling of a fairy tale—so long as the poor need defenders against negligent sanitary authorities and lisping advertising money-lenders, and there is a sea to roar around the Needles, a Coronation ode to write, the memory of the creator of David Copperfield to keep alive, a mastiff to train, or a Persian kitten to frolic with —"all's right with the world."

Closely allied to this resolute hopefulness, related as foundation to superstructure, one comes upon the less self-evident quality of mysticism. Can any one furnish us with the postal address of another mystical rural practitioner?

This is not the place to pigeon-hole the soul of Dr. Dabbs, or to give him his ecclesiastical badge, even if one could be found to become his breast. At the same time the man who doubts his deep religiousness must be as unacquainted with his books, and particularly with the poems, as he evidently is with the New Testament. But it is not with religion in the stereotyped sense that one is here called to deal. Rather is it with that brooding sense of all the wonder and mystery of the world and human life, that incessant appeal to those influences and forces which can be neither measured nor weighed, that resort to the high places where imagination becomes vision of reality and poetic feeling a trustworthy organ of knowledge, upon every encounter with ghastly disease or discovery of inscrutable perplexity—rather is it with these that his mysticism is bound up. Put in another way, man of science though he may be, and an enthusiastic evolutionist and almost unconscious pyschologist, Dr. Dabbs is anything rather than a materialist. For that, maybe, he is too much of a poet, though one remembers that Mr. Swinburne is both. Neither has he the vague agnosticism so prevalent among his brethren. "I don't know," is always with him the beginning and not the end of a quest.

No doubt his long intimacy with Tennyson is in a measure responsible for this attitude. From him he seems to have caught that wistful note of yearning after tangible assurance of a spiritual world, and a future life; and one can hardly wonder at the permanence of this influence on a man of strong imaginative bent, when we are told:—"We have talked by the score of hours of fate and free will, doubt and destiny, life and death, and especially of a future life, and I claim to know perhaps better than many men Tennyson's frank mind upon these questions."

But it is in his choice of literary forms that his mysticism

DR. DABBS IN HIS CARRIAGE.
Dr. Dabbs' famous "coal-scuttle" carriage, designed by himself to keep off the wind.

most clearly declares itself. He is devoted to the phantasy, the parable, and the dream.

His particular art appears to be to silhouette his dreams, if one may say so. George Gissing said of Dickens that he carved fiction from reality. This modern writer has a

strange and almost weird power of making a dream-story attain to the very form and substance of a life-issue, and yet the materialising is by a kind of deft suggestiveness rather than by any grosser transmutation. Perhaps the loving personality comes out most in "Before Good-night" and "The Child Healer," the almost ghastly wealth of fantastic imagination revels in its own power all through "The Manor Inn," but let him touch a dog or describe a horse or get inside the mind of a child, and the penetrative paraphrase of instinctive veracity is quite remarkable.

He is a tremendous worker, and a very speedy one. The twelve chapters of "Ugly: A Hospital Dog," were written in eight days, we believe, and a friend who has seen the original MS. tells us that he only found four erasures or alterations in it. The stories are quaintly marked as to when and where they were written, and their "offices of origin" might somewhat astonish the arm-chair artists.

Well, the man's work must be read, and then we fancy he would be appreciated. He, at least, stimulates the curiosity of those who usually link the country doctor with dry-as-dust ambitions and parochial destinies. He is the one man living who can yet write, and truly write—the country doctor of the old-time days.

NEW NOVELISTS.*

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

"IN those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes." The old verse haunts me as I sort out the fourteen novels on my list, and I sigh once more for the day that shall bring us an Academy of Letters. "Man is a political creature," and the literature of a free country is surely of something better than the anarchy which reigns just now in ours. Now an Academy would (I suppose) include two or three at least of our most eminent novelists. Men of letters would elect them to their chairs, and so we should arrive at knowing what a respectable body of critics considered to be the best in our fiction. Gradually, but perhaps more quickly than we suppose, there would emerge a standard of good workmanship and a sense—if only an official sense—of what a novel should aim at being. That the Academy's judgment would very likely be dull and conservative, and would certainly be far from unerring, seems to me of small moment. Let us suppose it ludicrously wrong, still it would define the issues. We should get our ideas clear and discover what we were fighting for and why we were fighting. For the beneficence of an Academy is by no means confined to the forty or more writers it elects to honour, or to creating a central authority in literary taste. Its very mistakes and prejudices are serviceable. They afford the opposition excellent discipline, teaching it to unite and concentrate, to know its own mind and where to attack. Well defined issues give men a "cause" to fight for, and a cause breeds good comradeship and enthusiasm, and good comradeship breeds useful discussion and knocks the nonsense out of men. In France a new genius in literature creates a movement, in which men of diverse talents serve a common cause without losing individuality. In England a new genius merely begets imitators.

And our anarchy means a miserable waste of strength. Here are fourteen new novels, and all but four of them (I believe) first attempts. Taken collectively they mean nothing at all. Taken in batches of two or three they mean that (whatever may have happened to the demand) there is still a supply of "historical" novels, of novels written to please people who were pleased by "A Window in Thrums," and so on. Taken separately they prove that A, or B, or C is a clever young writer fighting for his own hand, and, in the process of finding himself, doing that which is right in his own eyes. Four of these novels—the first four on my list—are by Americans. Now of late the forces of fiction in America have seemed to be pulling together and producing a genuine national type. It is a very good type: sentimental perhaps, but clean and sane. And of this type Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Oliver Horn" is a remarkably good specimen. It deals (one might almost say "of course") with problems raised by the Civil War and the conflict of Northern and Southern temperaments and outlooks upon life and man's duty. Fate forced America to make its choice between these two outlooks, and to make it roughly and suddenly; and the necessity of her choice and the cost at which she made it have coloured her views of life ever since. She chose, and is still rather fiercely confident that she chose rightly. But the tendency in her younger writers is to reconcile the sharp differences for which their fathers went out to fight, to allow that the South (though in the wrong) had much to say for itself, and to pay toll of respect to its domestic graces, its fine code of manners, its high standard of chivalry towards women. The American novel nowadays is always chivalrous; its heroes are (somewhat self-consciously) well mannered, while eager to prove their grit; it displays an enormous respect for the men who made its national history, no matter to which party they belonged. It shows up the better side of men's characters; and if its national pride be a trifle too complacent, it makes pleasant amends in good nature and cheerfulness. "Oliver Horn" has all these excellent qualities, and is, moreover, well written. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is less

* "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn." By F. Hopkinson Smith. 6s. (Newnes.)
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." By Alice Caldwell Hegan. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"Mlle. Fouchette." By Charles Theodore Murray. 6s. (Grant Richards.)
"The Story of Mary Maclane." By Herself. 5s. (Grant Richards.)
"In Chaucer's Maytime." By Emily Richings. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
"Jan Van Elselo." By Gilbert and Marion Coleridge. 6s. (Macmillan.)
"The Serf." By C. Ranger-Gull. 6s. (Greening.)
"Dwellers in the Mist." By Norman Maclean. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"Luck o' Lassendale." By the Earl of Iddesleigh. 6s. (John Lane.)
"The Housewives of Edenrise." By Florence Popham. 6s. (Heinemann.)
"The Sheep-stealers." By Violet Jacobs. 6s. (Heinemann.)
"A Modern St. Anthony." By Walter Dalby. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
"Prophet Peter: A Study in Delusions." By Mayne Lindsay. (Ward, Lock.)
"Liege Lady." By Lilian S. Arnold. 6s. (Jarrold.)

of a novel than a Thanksgiving Story, with a stuffed turkey and general happiness at the end; but it, too, has the chivalrous young man of grit for its hero and the high-toned young lady to reward him. An air of cheerful, humorous piety pervades the pages, and we read along in high good spirits to the characteristic conclusion which Mrs. Wiggs thus sums up: "An' they're goin' to git married, an' Billy's got promoted, an' Asia's got a place, an' Chris 'll have a new pegstick. Looks like ever'thing in the world comes right, if we jes' wait long enough!"

But even in my American batch of four, two go wide of the normal. "Mlle. Fouchette," though illiterately written (its first page contains two bad blunders in grammar) is, considered merely as a story, by no means a bad one. But it describes itself as "a novel of French life," and its author's capacity for handling French life with sympathetic understanding may be gauged by this pretty *obiter dictum* on p. 348:—"It is the character of Frenchmen to beat women—to stab them in the back one day when they are bored with them. The Paris press furnishes daily examples of this sort of chivalry." "Mlle. Fouchette," in short, is not a bad performance for a man who doesn't understand what he is writing about. But if some Frenchman were to retort that "It is the character of Americans to swindle their creditors. The New York press furnishes daily examples of this sort of probity," I suspect that Mr. Murray would find his feelings outraged; and his surprise would be a delicate tribute to the manners of Frenchmen, who don't—in what professes to be literature—allow themselves to say that kind of thing. Of "The Story of Mary Maclane" I will say very little, except that the authoress will one day be sick with shame for it as her relatives are doubtless sick with shame already. It is a sad case, and heavy responsibility rests on the man who allowed a poor girl to parade a girl's green-sickness and shout in the streets the symptoms which should have been whispered in the consulting-room.

My English list opens with a batch of three historical novels. Miss Richings' "In Chaucer's Maytime" may be dismissed summarily. It belongs to the "forsooth an' I wot not" school, and is the product of undigested cram. For a nice derangement of foreign vocabularies it will be hard to beat. Two pleasant sentences remain with me—"'Señora Catalina showeth rare *fidelidad* to the Casa de Lancaster!' sneered Constance." "'Señora Catalina seemeth indifferent to yon vile *canallo*!' complained the Duchess, airing another grievance. 'She lacketh all *sensibilidad*!'" Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge's "Jan Van Elselo" belongs to a more pleasing class, the boot-and-saddle. It begins in 1559 with that fine old *motif*—two messengers, a secret despatch, and no less a villain this time than the Duke of Alva to lay his traps for them and be outwitted; it ends in 1573 with the siege of Haarlem, and the reader will find the interval filled in with plenty of intrigue and rough-and-tumble. The performance is capable, though the fashion be a trifle outworn. Mr. Ranger-Gull in "The Serf" is less content to stand upon the old ways. Indeed, he has a new style for historical fiction if only he can "bring it off," and it seems a rational one. He keeps his antique English for his characters, and uses the most modern idioms for explaining them. The result would be more successful had he escaped the appearance of taking the reader on his knee and telling him to be a good boy and attend. But "The Serf," with all its defects, has promise in abundance, and is remarkable for a quite extraordinary insight into the wild life of English woods and fens. Another book of genuine promise is Mr. Norman Maclean's "Dwellers in the Mist"—solitary representative,

Christ before Caiaphas. By J. H. Thaddeus. From "The Sunday Magazine" Annual Volume. (By kind permission of Messrs. Isbister and Co.)

on my list, of the Kail-Yard School. Mr. Maclean has stuff in him, and on the strength of it I appeal to him to let the poor children have their diphtheria in peace. In Lord Iddesleigh's "Luck o' Lassendale" we have a throw-back to Jane Austen, and, in my judgment, a remarkable one, although its shrewd humour would seem to have escaped apprehension by the reviewers. It is, in fact, its author's second venture, and with "Belinda FitzWarren," his first, I have never made acquaintance. But in the breasts of those who, without bothering themselves about tendencies and the future of fiction, accept a good thing when they find it, like their humour "dry," and do not quarrel with a smack of antiquity in its flavour, "Luck o' Lassendale" will diffuse a genial glow touched with hope of good entertainment to come. "The Housewives of Edenrise," by Florence Popham, is equally pleasant and quiet in tone, but more sentimental; it owes nothing to Miss Austen, but something (I suspect) to Mrs. Gaskell—the Mrs. Gaskell of "Cranford." It contains a pretty moral and much restrained humour; it makes no pretence, and can be enjoyed with a quiet mind.

Paullo majora canamus. Mrs. Jacobs' "The Sheep-stealers" appears to have made what the author in Mrs. Oliphant's story called "an 'it." It treats of the Rebecca riots in Wales, of a rioter pursued by justice for (supposed) manslaughter, and hidden by a couple of sheep-stealers in the Black Mountains over Abergavenny, and of his stealthy walks abroad and a nocturnal love-making which ends in bitter deception—the lady being at heart but a minx. Mrs. Jacobs handles her wild scenery well, but to no purpose, since, for all the colour it gives to the passions of her characters, the scene might as well have been laid in Timbuctoo. We do not begin to feel, as we feel in reading "Wuthering Heights," for example, that the scenery and the passion are inseparable. Also the story contains no single character which deserves our respect or affection, and closes with a cruel booby-trick of fortune. Mr. Dalby's "A Modern St. Anthony" is another tale marred by the essential worthlessness of its characters; a variation, none too pleasant, on an old and threadbare theme. Of more importance on every count is "Prophet Peter," the history of an unhappy youth who, having inherited an uncertain gift of the "second sight" from his dead mother (a thought-reader in a travelling show), and knowing nothing of its derivation, fancies himself an inspired prophet, and is broken on the wheel of his fate; a sad book, but in places a beautiful one, and honestly written throughout. Its earlier chapters have more of the real stuff in them than any novel on this list of mine; but the authoress should chasten her style, and be content to say a plain thing plainly. When she tells us of an old clergyman that "he was priestly, scholarly, gentlemanly; he wore the vulgar clay with a conscious disdain," she is referring to his body, and not to the pipe he smoked. Lastly, in Miss Lilian Arnold's "Liege Lady" we have a hot, ambitious story, full of improbabilities, but with gleams of genuine talent showing through its wooden and melodramatic mechanism: a story which tries to do too much, full of youth and exuberance, fierce to conquer all things at a stroke, finally claiming—no little thing—respect for a sincerity and a courage likely enough to go far.

I began with a Biblical quotation, and will end with another. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?" No; but I can grieve over the waste of natural force on this planet.

A NOTE ON THOMAS AIRD.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

ON the 28th November the town of Dumfries, with which Aird was so long and intimately connected, celebrated the centenary of his birth by unveiling to his memory a marble bust and a brass tablet—the latter destined to be placed in the local Church of St. Michael. It will be remembered that Aird was born at Bowden, in Roxburghshire, August 28th, 1802, and that for twenty-eight years, up to 1863, he was editor of the *Dumfriesshire and Galloway Herald*. He is now most commonly spoken of as the poet of "The Devil's Dream," but perhaps is better deserving of remembrance as the author of that genial prose work, "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village." In connection with the recent ceremonies, the following facts, derived from an unimpeachable source, are, I think, worth putting on record. Besides revealing the atmosphere in which one of the purest of poets grew up, they cast some light upon the old Border country life, and on the lives of the best of the farming-class in Scotland a hundred years ago.

The poet's grandfather, William Aird, was a "portioner," or small landowner in the parish of Bowden. His dwelling was one of the characteristic old "peel-towers," or places of refuge and defence, of which the remains, in more or less ruinous condition, still stand in the Border Country. Hither he brought home his bride, Janet Milne, one of the nine daughters of the neighbouring Laird of Greenwells, with her "tocher," or dowery, of £100. (The estate, I may say, was sold, below its value, for £900. An old lease shows that its agricultural rent was paid entirely in kind: as, so many hens, so many stirks, and so on.) William Aird's peel was, however, destined to the fate which—in the older, moss-trooping days—had befallen so many of its kind; it was burnt to the ground—of course, accidentally. After this, its place was taken by a modest cottage—now marked with a tablet as the poet's birthplace; which, from the fact of its being the only slated house in the village, was long known as "the sclated house." In those days—that is, before it had as yet become customary to import coal on the backs of pack-horses from the Lothian mines—the fuel in use was peat, to the "casting" of which upon the neighbouring uplands, the portioner held a right. At a later date, when daylight failed the cottage would be lighted only by the flame of a certain bright-burning coal, known as the "parrat" coal, round which the family would gather for reading, knitting, and the like. In the garden behind the cottage, there is, or until lately was, a sun-dial, ornamented with two carved heads, which bear underneath the initials of William Aird and his wife.

In the next generation to that of William, the poet's mother—whose maiden name was Paisley, and who was a native of the neighbouring Midlem district—was known as a woman of unbounded charity. Here are some of the simple rules by which her household was guided: There was never to be a churning held, but the poor were to be supplied with churn milk; never a sheep killed, but a part of it was to be given to the same; never a melder (or grinding) to come home from the mill, but a part of it should be distributed; never a cheese made, but the sick in the village should receive the whey. Then, every Sunday morning saw a row of small mugs filled with sweet milk for the *weekly* cup of tea of poorer villagers; whilst, most generous perhaps of all—the poor were likewise admitted to the warmth of the kitchen fireside.

Such, then, was the atmosphere of kindness and piety in which Thomas Aird grew up; and such were the practices of her who inspired his tender poem entitled, "My Mother's Grave."

XUM

New Books.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF "CHAMBERS."*

The present volume of Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature" extends from the political Revolution in 1688 to the Revolution in literature which was heralded by the appearance of "Lyrical Ballads" by Wordsworth and Coleridge in 1798. In this period the separate notices accorded to writers of our eighteenth century literature amount to very nearly five hundred. Nobody can say, after this, that the eighteenth century is denied generous treatment. The preceding centuries from Caedmon to Dryden are contained in one volume. The nineteenth century also will have a volume devoted to itself, but this will also include a sketch of the whole of American literature, the literature of Canada, Australia, and other British oversea dominions.

The more we see of the book, the more we admire the largeness of scale upon which it is conceived. Once completed upon this magnificent ground plan, it will form a treasure house of specimens of English literature of an excellence which has not been hitherto approached. With the new "Chambers" at his elbow the student is equipped at once with that preliminary knowledge which will enable him to approach any text that he wants to study without further aid, yet with perfect confidence. In this way, both as a storehouse of memorable passages and as a preliminary guide to a right estimate of their writers, the new "Chambers" is essentially a serviceable book. The books that are really useful to the student of English literature beyond the restricted range of some special period or subject are so limited that we cannot afford to overlook an addition to them. "Chambers's Cyclopædia" is undoubtedly an addition of this kind. No one who tests it by constant reference can fail to discover that as an *organon* for the understanding and explanation of English literature it is well-nigh indispensable.

Not a few of our literary historians seem to have written before the era of exact bibliography. The very titles of the famous books of old as set forth by them are no more than ingenious approximations, and when they condescend to bibliographical details these are generally inaccurate. A marked advance upon such methods is shown in the present work. And not only has the whole of our literature been turned over, not only have title pages been examined and dates verified, but the judgments passed and perspectives maintained have been in most cases strikingly individual.

This general estimate will not lose any weight of conviction that it may carry to the mind of the judicious reader, when we freely admit that it is based as much upon a careful examination of the first volume of the work as upon the necessarily more cursory study that we have extended to the second. As far as we can judge, the execution of the book is remarkably even throughout, and the merits and defects of any large section of it are more than likely to apply to the whole. In an attempt to judge a book of such substantial merit as a whole, it seems to us only right that the defects should be relegated to a very secondary plane, but that is no reason for banishing them completely from our purview. The chief of them seems to be, then, the failure to relate the introductions to special periods or phases in our literature organically to the body of the text; and the second is closely connected with it. It is the seemingly helpless way in which the names are grouped. In the present volume, for instance, between fifty and sixty names are introduced by the heading "The Eighteenth Century." No less than ninety names are grouped under "The Age of Queen Anne," a similar number under "The Reigns of the German-born Georges," while under "The Reign of George III." comes a portentous list, without a break of any kind, of over 200 names. Why "German-born Georges" should be introduced in this way as the Gemini of English letters at the very period when three native-born Britons were adding a new continent—that of Fiction—to our literature is as mysterious as why the generic "Eighteenth Century" should be restricted to writers who flourished before the accession of Anne in 1702. The book is admittedly a vast museum of authors and specimens, and it is, perhaps, inevitable that some of the galleries should be long; but when you get, as under "George III.," a rouleau of 200 names without e'er a break, you begin to wonder whether the simplest of all arrangements—the alphabetic—might not have advantages over such a chaos. For among these long uniform lists it is almost as difficult to discover the name you want as to find a particular gravestone at Kensal Green. The immediate difficulty will be largely overcome upon the appearance of the Index, to the quality of which we trust that the Editor will give the attention that it deserves.

We must not, of course, claim for a "Cyclopædia" the qualities which are proper to a "History." The question at issue is rather whether the difficulties of the present arrange-

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

"A Cavalier." By Meissonier. Reproduced from the handsome volume of "Pictures in the Wallace Collection." By kind permission of Messrs. C. A. Pearson, Ltd.

* "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature." New edition. By David Patrick, LL.D. Vol. II 10s. 6d. net. (W. & R. Chambers.)

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ment might not have been to some extent diminished by rejecting the introductions and historical features, which in their present detached condition have little substantial value, and by approximating more nearly to the alphabetical or dictionary arrangement within certain well-defined chronological limits. The fact remains that the book is essentially cyclopædic in character; and is one of a kind which renders it exceedingly difficult to the critic to obtain anything like a *coup d'œil* over the whole field that it embraces.

The general impression obtained is that, as regards both the quality of the notices and the representative character of the selections, the present volume is upon a level with its predecessor—a statement which we intend for extremely high praise. The sketches of Swift, Johnson, Sterne, Chatterton, and Crabbe have the same individuality and the same vigour that characterise the Chaucer, the More, and the great dramatists in the previous periods. The notices of Defoe, Young, Smollett, and Chesterfield, as far as we have been able to examine them, do not seem to attain to quite so high a level. No use whatever appears to have been made of the discoveries of M. Thomas of Rennes, whose vast monograph upon Young, the result of many years' work, appeared fully a year ago; and in mentioning "studies" of Defoe Mr. Whitten's agreeable little monograph on that author, the peculiarities of whose style have rarely been so nicely discerned, should not have been overlooked. The bibliographical notes too often, it must be admitted, notably in the cases of Vanbrugh, Smollett, Priestley, Warburton, and Burke, fall far short of the models of perfection afforded by A. W. Pollard and others in Volume I. When our chroniclers reached Chesterfield (the very name would seem to suggest metaphor) the white flag, bearing not "Excelsior," but "Virginibus Puerisque," would appear to have been raised, inopportunely as usual, but with the result that the article was written in a spirit of concession to the curate and the schoolgirl of sixteen. While we are on the subject of blemishes, we have noticed several errors in the notice of Porson, the well-known name of the editor of Porson's "Letters" being strangely burlesqued as Lugard. On p. 387 we find Abel Boyes, instead of Abel Boyer, of whom an inadequate account is given, his best book, "The History of Queen Anne," which appeared in folio 1735, being not so much as mentioned. Excessive space, on the other hand, is given to the egregious Henry James Pye! We have not come across any examples of research quite so minute as that in Vol. I. (p. 290), where we are told that Sir Philip Sidney "knew" Beaumont and Fletcher, Beaumont being two at the time of Sidney's death, and Fletcher barely seven!

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which bears that Gowrie had sent so many of his men to that house that he had only five or six left with him in his residence at Perth. His kidnapping theory would be rather improbable with such a handful of men; and besides, the King, in his narrative, says that Gowrie, having hastily warned his servants and friends, met him with three or four score of men at the end of the Inch. Mr. Lang has also ignored another portion of this letter of Carey's, a portion which a Gowrie apologist would certainly not overlook: "Wher it was sayed that the Earle's brother came to Fauckeland to invit the Kinge, it is nowe knowen that the Kinge sent for him, and he toweld his brother the Kynge had sent for him—whoe commanded him presentley to goe to the Kinge." It is quite possible that both of the statements above quoted from Carey's letter may merely be based on flying rumours or unreliable gossip; but Mr. Lang's plan, of selecting and adopting just enough to support one of his own theories and allowing the rest to go, is more ingenious than commendable.

Again, in telling how Francis Mowbray was killed in attempting to escape from Edinburgh Castle, he says: "The rope of knotted sheet to which he trusted broke, and he was dashed to pieces on the castle rocks." His reference for this is "Pitcairn, ii., 405-407." Now Pitcairn quotes four accounts of the attempted escape. None of the four says that the improvised rope broke. Two of them say it was too short; a third says that the castle watch shook him "out of the claithis." None of the four says that he was dashed to pieces. One of them says that he "broke his craig," that is, his neck; and another says that he survived for seven hours.

The Sprott and Logan sequel was in some respects quite as mysterious as the Gowrie problem; and Mr. Lang has done good service in printing Sprott's depositions. From these depositions it now appears that, on and after the 5th of July, 1608, until his execution, fully five weeks afterwards, while continuing to persist in the reality of a Gowrie conspiracy and in Logan's complicity, Sprott repeatedly and solemnly owned that he had forged certain letters which he had previously said were in Logan's handwriting. But on the 10th of August —two days before his formal trial and execution—he explained that he had framed three of the letters on a genuine one of Logan's, which genuine one he believed to be now "in his kist amang his writtis." The letter, it is alleged,

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"Philip in Church." From "Frederick Walker."
In Messrs. Duckworth and Co.'s valuable Miniature Series.
By kind permission of the Publishers.

was subsequently found, and, with the others, is now preserved in the Register House. Sprott was condemned on his own confessions, and acknowledged before the jury that his indictment was true in every particular. Neither the letters which he owned to be forged, nor the one that he alleged to be genuine, were produced at his trial; but his indictment contained the passages which he had given from memory of the alleged genuine letter. Logan had already been dead for two years, but in 1609 his remains were brought into Parliament, and he was duly convicted of treason, and sentence of forfeiture was pronounced. The Sprott letters were used as evidence against him. Seven witnesses—including the Provost of Edinburgh, three ministers, a notary, and a sheriff-clerk—gave evidence as to the five letters being entirely in Logan's holograph. The penmanship and spelling had been carefully compared with a number of his undoubted letters, and no difference could be detected. There is no reason to suppose that the prosecution had informed these honest men that Sprott had confessed to forging any of them. All the five letters were found by Pitcairn among the warrants of Parliament, and he readily accepted the deliberate opinion of the seven well-qualified witnesses. Their evidence, he thought, proved "the authenticity of these letters beyond the shadow of a doubt, if any effect is to be given to human testimony in such a matter." P. F. Tytler held that "their authenticity since the recent discovery of the originals cannot be questioned"; and that they established "the reality of the Gowrie conspiracy beyond the possibility of a doubt."

It does not appear that either Pitcairn or Tytler ever had the opportunity of comparing them with any of Logan's undoubted letters. But the opportunity denied to them has now fallen to the Rev. John Anderson, of the Historical Department of the Register House. After carefully and critically examining the five letters, he has come to the conclusion that all the five were "written by the same person." His conviction is so absolute that he says: "There can be no doubt of this." From this it would follow that all the five letters were forged or all were genuine. Fortunately, Mr. Anderson was able to solve this riddle by comparing the letters with photographs of two of Logan's indisputable letters now in Hatfield House. He found that while there is a "similarity between the 'five' and the undoubted Logans, there are also many and persistent vital differences"; but is not surprised that the witnesses of 1609 were deceived by "such a general resemblance to Logan's style." The date of the genuine Logan letters is not given by Mr. Anderson; and if they were either much earlier or much later than 1600, it might perhaps be argued that Logan's hand may have changed considerably in the interval. But Mr. Anderson has been able to go a step further. By comparing the five letters with several of Sprott's acknowledged writings, he has been able to bring home the forgery of all the five to him. All who know Mr. Anderson's competence and painstaking nature will accept his judgment on this matter with perfect confidence. The chapter on the handwriting of Sprott and Logan which he has contributed to the Roxburghe Club volume is not only decisive as to the penmanship of the five letters, but is a valuable contribution to the comparative study of handwriting.

Seeing that all the five letters laid before Parliament in 1609 were forged, they cannot in future be cited as evidence of the Gowrie conspiracy or of Logan's complicity. Nor is it safe to put much dependence on Sprott's repeated declarations as to the reality of the conspiracy and the complicity of Logan, since it is now plain that the statement he made about the genuineness of one of the letters two days before his execution is open to grave doubt, if not absolutely false. Mr. Lang charitably suggests that he may have meant that the substance of the letter was Logan's. But there is a very important point about this letter which has not been satisfactorily cleared up. There is not sufficient proof that the letter which is alleged to have been found in Sprott's repositories, on or after the 10th of August, is the one to which he specially referred on that day. It is conceivable that he may have had a copy of the letter in his imitation of Logan's hand as well as the original.

The Gowrie problem has lost none of its absorbing interest in Mr. Lang's hands, and one can only regret that such a facile and acute writer had not spent more time on it. In his published volume there are too many evidences of undue haste and high pressure. Some of the quotations and summaries are loose enough to suggest that they have been made from memory, and some glaring misprints have been allowed to pass. Both volumes are enriched with facsimiles of the handwriting of Sprott and Logan, and with other illustrations.

D. HAY FLEMING.

XUM

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.*

Of all the earlier biographies in the Men of Letters series there is none more fascinating than that of Fielding. Scholarly, exhaustive, and, like all Mr. Dobson's work, extremely entertaining, it has the further merit of illuminating Fielding's character and writings by the sympathetic light of genuine affection. Few readers can leave this book without feeling that their capacity for understanding and appreciating all that is best, both in the general literature of the eighteenth century, and in the particular work of Fielding, is vastly increased.

But enthusiastic admirers of Fielding are not always equally just to his great contemporary and rival, Samuel Richardson; and it is therefore a matter of congratulation to find that Mr. Dobson's biography of the older writer falls very little short of his life of Fielding. His extraordinary familiarity with the bye-ways of eighteenth century literature is equally in evidence, and his capacity for enveloping his readers in the atmosphere of the time is equally striking. One seldom reads a book by Mr. Dobson without falling a victim to this illusion; while we are beneath his spell we are no longer living in the London of the present time, a London of smoke, and motor-cars, and jerry-building; we are transported into a more serene environment, where sombre mansions tower in unadorned simplicity above placid gardens, and lumbering coaches trundle up the highway past the royal palace at Kew.

It has been said that the present biography falls very little short of the same author's life of Fielding. Yet there is, notwithstanding, a difference in quality between the two books, a difference so slight as to be almost indefinable. Is it due to the fact that while Mr. Dobson is at pains to be scrupulously fair to Richardson, he is no perfervid admirer of his genius? Or is it that Richardson's personality, being really less interesting than that of his rival, gives less opportunity to his annalist?

Both causes are probably responsible, but it may be noted that the enthusiasm of Richardson's critics seldom extends to his biographers; or rather, that no genuine Richardsonian has yet accomplished the task of writing his life. Possibly the ardour that is kindled by the "divine Clarissa" vanishes in the laborious task of examining the South Kensington correspondence. It is certainly hard for any one who has plodded through the wearisome twaddle of the majority of the letters to maintain the proper attitude of admiring reverence towards their writer.

For it must be confessed that most of this unpublished correspondence is very dull indeed. It is contained in six folio volumes, and it is perhaps natural that those persons who have not examined them should be inclined to think that they contain much interesting matter, and therefore blame those who have done so for not having derived a larger amount of entertainment from them. Readers familiar with the delightful gossip of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Delany imagine that all letters of the same period must possess similar characteristics, and approach the correspondence with these expectations. But it needs the test of actual experience to realise the depths of banality and triviality to which our first novelist could sometimes descend. The letters which are not concerned with the discussion of characters in the novels are given up to the ponderous badinage of elderly flirtation, or to equally tiresome descriptions of the symptoms of failing health. Even Mr. Dobson, who can be trusted to extract the utmost entertainment from the material before him, and has evidently bestowed the most patient investigation on his subject, has brought to light few picturesque details. What is new and illuminative in his book—and it is much—is due not to the letters, but to his unrivalled knowledge of the subject and to the fascination of his style.

This being the case, it is to be regretted that Mr. Dobson has devoted so little space to the criticism of the novels. Richardson himself is a comparatively unfruitful subject, but the characters of his creation are endlessly interesting, and a more exhaustive criticism from a writer of Mr. Dobson's eminence would have been very welcome. We would rather have had his own estimate of Richardson's immortal heroine than the quotation which he supplies from Mrs. Oliphant. And there is just enough original criticism to make us wish for more. It is interesting, for instance, to find that he gives no countenance to the enthusiastic admirers of the villain Lovelace, and agrees with Mr. Leslie Stephen in his main conclusions. "Lovelace," he says, "is much more constructed, or rather concocted, than Clarissa"; and by quotations from Richardson's letters he illustrates the difficulty that the author experienced in rendering his hero at the same time so attractive as to justify Clarissa's attachment to him,

Reproduced from photogravure in Messrs. Newnes' Thin Paper Edition of Keats' Poems.

and so far lost to all sense of honour as to stoop to the methods of the lowest criminals. Mr. Dobson, however, gives Richardson credit for having succeeded, "notwithstanding the improbabilities of the portrait, in making the picture still deceptive." This, most likely, will be the final verdict of all unprejudiced critics. Lovelace is a bundle of contradictions, of conflicting qualities that could not possibly co-exist in the same person; and yet the total effect is so dazzling as to deceive and fascinate the observer who does not pause to analyse him too closely. But Richardson, after all, like Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, excelled mainly in feminine portraiture, and to class him with these distinguished authors is no mean tribute to his genius.

For, to tell the truth, the novel of the eighteenth century is not to be compared with that of the nineteenth, and, as Mr. Dobson says, the readers of to-day have come into a not inconsiderable inheritance of fiction since "Pamela" was published. Richardson was a pioneer, but his books have the drawbacks and defects of all pioneer work, and it is not likely that they will ever prove widely acceptable to the less leisured public of the present time. Only a student here and there, content to linger in the less frequented paths of English literature, will still pause to admire him; and since the finest flavour and aroma of "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison" are inseparable from the mouldering calf and faded gilt of their first bindings, let us hope that not too many enterprising publishers will flood the market with new editions.

* "Samuel Richardson." By Austin Dobson. English Men of Letters Series. 2s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY.*

By slow degrees Lord Acton, though passed from the scene, is winning that influence over the general public which during life he exercised among a chosen few. For years he had been a European celebrity, but the very wealth of his attainments, and his German sense of "Thorough" in all undertakings, made his appearance in print rare, and he did not collect his scattered essays. No man of the last half century—not even Döllinger—was better acquainted with libraries, books, and original sources of information on many subjects. But his friends had begun to fear that he would die and make no sign, when his appointment as Regius Professor at Cambridge gave the opportunity of which this volume, and those yet to succeed it, will be an abiding memorial. That Lord Acton did not live to see the work begun was perhaps another stroke of the irony which pursued his whole career. He has not failed at all. The demand that he was always insisting upon for truth, candour, and method in historical research will be more and more fulfilled, as time brings evidence that it is the only way to establish religion and to conquer misunderstandings. Cambridge has done itself honour by taking him for a guide in this great enterprise. And critics, I believe, will allow that a worthy beginning has been made.

It would hardly become even so modest a contributor as I am to the present volume to sit in the seat of judgment. I shall content myself with an account of its method and a glance at the table of contents. Lord Acton held that for any one man to attempt a real Modern History was out of the question. Look at Macaulay, proposing the History of England from James II. down to the French Revolution, and only just reaching the death of William III. His materials proved too much for him. But the present work aims at something more than a simple compilation or even a standard book of reference, and it takes America no less than Europe as its subject. It is governed by an idea, that of historical development, of a process called by various names and exceedingly complex, yet discernible from the fifteenth century onwards as directing and shaping the course of events. Modern Europe may be treated as a whole, rich in movements and counter-movements, but still one world, like ancient Hellas or medieval Christendom. Experts will seize it on this side and that; points of view will be many, diverse, often conflicting; no single interpretation will harmonise all the facts; yet they will be related and reciprocal, as were Athens and Sparta, the Papacy and the Empire. Certain central ideas and figures will preserve the unity of endless episodes—the Renaissance, the Reformation, the American War, the French Revolution, Louis XIV., Napoleon. To sum up all in a formula would be hollow and misleading. But we are justified in talking of the Zeitgeist, to whom every current bears witness, whether it ebbs or flows.

Events, therefore, as such, wrought into lively pictures, are not the staple of the Cambridge History. It keeps an eye upon movements and resembles a long procession above which, from time to time, the banners wave while they pass. Dissertation, rather than narrative, Guizot, not Michelet or Froude, is the kind proposed. But, as this volume demonstrates, brilliant writing, swift character-strokes, need not be lacking to a chapter which not only sums up all available knowledge, but assigns it a place in the larger cycle, where it must finally belong. That there may be some toning down of vivacity due to neighbourhood and inevitable politeness we shall scarcely deny. And estimates of conduct and character change while we turn the leaf, as they will do, I suspect, still more resolutely when themes are agitated so debatable as Luther and Loyola, Cromwell and the Jacobites and the men of 1793. To quote Dr. Creighton, whose luminous prologue will be read with melancholy pleasure, we are thus "free from the domination of one intelligence," we may "follow any line of investigation of our own," and may "supply links of connection at our will."

Every one, in a large volume like this, reads and skips, chooses according to his fancy, and has decided preferences. Among the writers are the highest living authorities on the subjects with which they deal. Mr. E. J. Payne has read all that others have written on the Discovery of America. Professor Bury is copious, clear, and most effective in the story of the Ottoman Conquest. On Venice Dr. Horatio Brown is a classic. Sir Richard Jebb handles the Renaissance on the Pagan side, Dr. M. R. James on the Christian, with minute learning and complete mastery. The chapter on Spain, by Mr. Butler Clarke, abounds in fresh knowledge. Dr. Ward gives us the Netherlands in a focussed view, which was greatly wanted, and will be a godsend to students. On the early Tudors Dr. James Gairdner is without a rival. Dr. Garnett tells the story of the Temporal Power from Sixtus IV. to Julius II. Mr. Armstrong contributes a balanced and precise monograph on Savonarola. Mr. Stanley Leathes traces the history of France and the invasions of Italy in two full chapters. Hungary and Poland are brought into the prospect by Dr. Emil Reich, and the German Empire by Professor Tout.

The last two sections, by Mr. H. C. Lea and the present writer, concern themselves directly with the Catholic Church, but from different points of view. It was thought desirable that in one chapter the normal daily action of Catholicism, between 1430 and 1520, should be drawn out as recorded in contemporary documents. This by no means ungrateful task fell to my share. I had not to dwell on the dark shades in a picture long hidden beneath polemical dust and curiously misrepresented in popular fancy. To take only one astonishing legend, now utterly disproved. It is written in countless books that the Church forbade, or strenuously opposed, the printing and publication of the Bible in the vulgar tongue until Luther broke her dominion. Any one who reads my two pages (639-640), which give an incomplete catalogue of vernacular translations before 1520, will be set free from this extraordinary delusion.

Mr. Lea's congenial undertaking was to indicate the abuses and corruptions that led up to the great revolt of 1517. How vigorously the charge has been executed I need not say. I will quote three sentences with which I am in profound agreement, as my concluding summary shows on the page opposite to them. Mr. Lea tells us that "there has been a natural tendency to regard the Reformation as solely a religious movement; but this is an error. In the curious theocracy which dominated the Middle Ages, secular and spiritual interests became so intermingled that it is impossible wholly to disentangle them; but the motives, both remote and proximate, which led to the Lutheran revolt were largely secular rather than spiritual. So far, indeed, as concerns our present purpose, we may dismiss the religious changes incident to the Reformation with the remark that they were not the object sought, but the means for attaining that object."

Twenty-two pages of contents and one hundred of bibliography make the volume everywhere accessible, and enable readers to verify its enunciations. On Lord Acton's method, footnotes and references in detail are excluded. For myself, I do not favour this plan, although in a sketch of mine just published on the Papal Monarchy I was compelled by the nature of the series to follow it. However, the Cambridge volumes are intended to breed scholars as well as to instruct the public, and scholars will consult the sources here pointed out to them.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "The Cambridge Modern History." Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D. Vol. I. The Renaissance. 16s. net. (Cambridge: At the University Press.)

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES MARTINEAU.*

The history of religion and philosophy in England during the nineteenth century cannot be written without taking account of James Martineau. Born shortly after the beginning of the century, and living and working till its closing year, he had opportunity to observe and to influence the growth of opinion in a period marked by rapid change and a previously unknown openness of mind. As a teacher occupying a free but not unassailed position, he was compelled to follow his natural bent and enquire deeply into the basis of religious and philosophical conviction. Strong enough to be a pioneer and to make a path for himself through the jungle of controverted tenets, and universally recognised as not only an unusually able thinker but as a man of the purest motive and of a very noble spirit, he won an influence which extended far beyond those who sat in his lecture-room. It

* "The Life and Letters of James Martineau." By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D., and C. B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc., of Manchester College, Oxford. Two volumes. 30s. net. (James Nisbet and Co.)

was therefore very natural to devote to the biography of so considerable a personage two large volumes. And yet it may be questioned whether this was wise. History may illuminate biography; but to attempt to combine them in one narrative is fatal to both. In reading these laborious pages one often craves a more artistic seizure of the characteristic features, the things that matter. We are overwhelmed with detail for which the future historian of Unitarianism will be grateful, but which the reader who wishes to see the inner and outer life of Martineau finds tedious and irrelevant. No blame attaches to Dr. Drummond for this. He has done his work with a thoroughness which everyone must respect, and has made a contribution of very great value to historical literature. Professor Upton's part of the Biography deserves unstinted praise. His exposition of Dr. Martineau's philosophical and religious opinions and works is quite remarkably lucid and interesting, and discloses on every page a thorough mastery of modern systems of thought. Indeed, so elaborate and instructive is his introduction to Dr. Martineau's writings that it is to be feared many readers will be content with what they find here, and count it needless to make themselves acquainted at first hand with the "Types of Ethical Theory" or the "Study of Religion."

There are many things in these volumes that invite remark. Perhaps the most interesting of the letters are those in which Dr. Martineau defines his own position. It has sometimes been rumoured that in his later years he approximated to the Trinitarian position, but of this there is no evidence in these volumes. On the contrary, we find that while to the last he was whole-heartedly Christian and had "no faith in a religious future for those who renounce their allegiance to that personality," yet in his ninetieth year he expressly says that the Divineness which he claims for Jesus is no other than that which he recognises in every human soul which realises its possible communion with the Heavenly Father. And he severely reprobates the attempt to make the term "Unitarian" mean not so much any doctrine as free thought. "To earn the name 'Unitarian,' is anything requisite but to hold the Uni-personality of God as distinguished from the Tri-personality?" Possibly it is not going too far to find the root of his Unitarianism in his strange distaste for the terms "Mediator" and "Redeemer," and apparently the absence from his spiritual experience of any sense of his need of atonement, sacrifice, or priest. "Mediator means, as you observe, instrument for bringing us to God. But by this you and I intend no more than that we owe to Christ our *right apprehension of God*." This is more intelligible than his objection to call Jesus "the Messiah." "Seeking Christianity in the creed of the first age, we have necessarily fallen in with this notion, that 'Jesus is the Messiah'; and have thus set up the chief Judaic error as the chief Christian verity." Notwithstanding opinions which many will consider eccentricities, Dr. Martineau's mind is well worth studying, and no one can flatter himself that he understands the theological and philosophical movements of last century who has not mastered the contents of these two abundantly full volumes.

MARCUS DODS.

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.
"The Carpenter's Shop." By Millais. From the beautiful volume, "How to Look at Pictures."
By kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell and Sons.

PARODY.*

The sensations which parody inspires in the critical mind seem to be rather complex. I suppose we all enjoy a good burlesque of an author we dislike actively, but are a trifle bored if the dislike is only passive. When the parodist touches the little weaknesses deftly, we are grateful, just as we murmur inaudible thanks to any humourist who takes off urbanely the foibles of our personal friends. There is not a spark of malice in either transaction. Thackeray did not vex the ghost of Scott by "Rebecca and Rowena," and we can appreciate that delightful piece of literary banter without abating a jot of allegiance to the Wizard of "Ivanhoe." On the other hand, admirers of Bulwer and Disraeli may resent "George de Barnwell" and "Codlingsby" almost as much as they were resented by Dizzy and Bulwer. The first Lord Lytton detested Thackeray and Thackeray's memory, and the last of Lord Beaconsfield's contributions to literature was a caricature of the parodist who had hit him so hard nearly forty years before. The sentiment in both cases was natural. Thackeray had a savage contempt for Bulwer, and for the morals of Bulwer's early heroes of fiction; and he laughed at Disraeli's Sidonia, that rather fantastic type of the omnipresent Jew, a blend of Moses and Monte Cristo. Raphael de Mendoza in "Codlingsby" is ostensibly an old clothesman in three hats, virtually the dictator of crowned heads. The gibe was cruel—parody with the button off the foil; and it is no wonder that Disraeli was unforgiving. Unluckily for a disinterested public, he nursed his grudge too late. "Endymion" is dead, and the satirical portrait of Thackeray died with it. But we still read "Codlingsby" and "George de Barnwell," because they are masterpieces of burlesque, and their humour has a sting as fresh as when it was written.

Another sensation inspired by parody is subtly personal for particular readers. I have never felt it, but I can imagine the peculiar *frisson*—what shall I say?—the dignified tremor

* "Borrowed Plumes." By Owen Seaman. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable and Co.)
"Condensed Novels: New Burlesques." By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.
"Georg Gisze, Merchant of the Steelyard." (Holbein.) From "How to Look at Pictures." By kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell and Sons.

of curiosity, with which a man opens a volume of parodies wherein he, too, occupies the playful pillory. For Bulwer the pillory was much too like a gibbet. When George de Barnwell went to the gallows, "Sir Edward Lytton Bulwig" must have had a pain in his windpipe. I am not thinking of that last agony of the parodied, but of the sensation which Mr. Andrew Lang, let us say, may have had when he found himself in Mr. Owen Seaman's "Borrowed Plumes." Mr. Lang, who has the keenest relish for parody, and for all literary graces, would have felt a disinterested joy to see his manner turned off with the delicacy and dexterity which Mr. Seaman applies, for instance, to Mr. Henry James. To reproduce Mr. Henry James humorously Mr. Seaman has manifestly employed all his wit and insight with a subdued gusto which is irresistible. But he yokes Mr. Lang ("in one of his many collaborations") with Ouida, and there is only a page and a half for the pair. It was not worth doing. Neither personality has the ghost of a chance. When I read it, I said: "Why on earth has the redoubtable Seaman printed this unconsidered trifle?" When Mr. Lang read it—well, I do not presume even to imagine what Mr. Lang said; but he would have been justified in using some stronger expression than that of weariness. This kind of morganatic wedding with Ouida could not strike him as parody in any adequate interpretation of that agreeable art. It might well have distempered at least twenty-four hours of Mr. Lang's multifarious life. Ouida, I hope, will never see it. Should we read a letter in the *Times*, affirming, with many adjectives, that man, devilish man, is the tyrant oppressor of the brute creation, especially of the dog, so infinitely superior to him in all that makes life holy—we may know that Ouida has lighted upon "Borrowed Plumes."

Most of us (whose withers are still sound) have read it with pleasure, alloyed only by its imperfect tribute to Mr. Lang. Mr. Seaman, with a fine confidence in humanity, dedicates it to the authors he has parodied, "many of them my friends." This shows how far we have travelled in social amelioration since Thackeray wrote "Codlingsby." You may take it as a fundamental truth, which completely demolishes the pessimists, that no author objects to be the subject of parody, provided it be done well and thoroughly. There must be no nibbling at it, as in the melancholy instance of Mr. Lang and Ouida. The famous motto of "Thorough" is no longer practised in politics. Statesmen are too democratic, and therefore too timid. The mantle of Strafford, finding no worthy shoulders in public life, occasionally drapes the figure of Mr. Seaman. Mr. Hall Caine has twenty pages of "Borrowed Plumes," more than anybody else, thrice as many as Miss Corelli. This should diffuse joy through the Isle of Man, though it may excite some discontent at Stratford-on-Avon. I don't think this is fair to Miss Corelli. Having brought us so near the millennium as to endear the parodist to the parodied, Mr. Seaman should not mar this great work by an appearance of unequal justice.

There are critics who find "Borrowed Plumes" too close to the originals. They turn from "The Eternal City" to the parody, of which the scene is laid in Athens, where Deputy Daniel Dotti gives much trouble to the Government. "All the police are asking one another, 'Have you seen Honourable Dotti?' The crowds are restive and want to go home. Throughout the night the troops were raking them with shot and shell; but the list of casualties is smaller than we anticipated. One milch-goat from the Stadion killed by a 15-pounder, and a Member of the *Boule* (Parliament) bitten by a stray dog in the Street of Victory." The critics say this is so faithful to Mr. Hall Caine that they might as well be reading his immortal work. It is a remarkable compliment to the romancer, and also to Mr. Seaman. They can interchange parts, the parodist writing the romance, and the romancer writing the parody, and the plumes belonging apparently to one and the same bird. We are indeed approaching the solidarity of the great human brotherhood.

No one can mistake Bret Harte's new series of "Condensed Novels" for the originals. They do not seem to me as good as the burlesques we had from the same versatile hand years ago. They are funny in a mild, disembodied way, but they lack the actuality (blessed word!) of Mr. Seaman. Here, let me say, the opinion of an outsider does not count for much. I should like to know what Mr. Anthony Hope thinks. Bret Harte hit him off in "Rupert the Resembler"; but in "Borrowed Plumes" he does not figure at all. Would he not rather be there, helping Mr. Seaman to cement the brotherhood, and making critics say they can see no difference betwixt the two? And Mr. Hall Caine; does he appreciate Bret Harte's "Golly and the Christian" as much as Mr. Seaman's re-incarnation of "Honourable Dotti"? I trow not; but, as I have said, this does not matter.

L. F. AUSTIN.

THE PAPAL MONARCHY.*

Dr. Barry's survey of the Papal Monarchy to the death of Boniface VIII., with which the Middle Ages may be said to close, fills so serious a gap in English historical libraries that students might be very grateful to him even were the work much less able than it is. But he has given us a marvel of accurate information and of comprehensiveness. No mere compilation is it, or manual for hasty students, but a well-considered and admirably written book of permanent value. Its readers and critics, however, would do well to keep in mind the author's words in the preface: "Not the pope as a teacher, but the pope as a ruler of men, in affairs which may be viewed under a secular as well as a religious aspect, will furnish the matter of my volume." Of course, it is open to doubt whether the effort to keep to this restricted plan is not an attempt at the impossible. But the book as it stands is a *tour de force*. He compresses the history of a vast period into about 430 pages, and deals with it not in general terms, but in detail; yet the result is no arid waste of facts. He has enlivened the waste by vivid portraiture and by dramatic arrangement. He has kept the main lines clear. But, naturally, he has not entirely cancelled all the disadvantages of his plan—perhaps the plan imposed on him—and of the limited space at his disposal. Serious students will read between the lines, and doing so, can almost follow the track

* "The Papal Monarchy, from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. (590—1303)." By William Barry, D.D. Story of the Nations. 5s. (Unwin.)

of Dr. Barry's unexpressed judgments. But some others would have spared a good many facts and allusions for a few general chapters discussing fully the questions at issue in the struggles of Rome with the secular power. Indeed, in every reader will be roused a strong desire for another book from the same pen on a kindred subject, but more limited in its scope, and with no limitations at all in the expression of its author's ideas, which are clear, sane, and weighty. In that volume there would be no questions left hanging in the air like that he asks concerning Gregory VII. at Canossa—"Was it the severity of an Apostle or the arrogance of a tyrant that the Pope displayed?" We may have our own answer pat; but we like our historians to make responsible inferences; and who of us is beyond being influenced by the deliberate judgments of so serious a student of European history? Then, too, in the book we are planning for Dr. Barry we should not be left darkly to infer his attitude towards Arnold of Brescia or towards Thomas à Becket. If we are here pointing to defects in the present volume, they are only such as are inherent in the restricted scheme by which he has bound himself. And his process of condensation is managed so well throughout that we can only think of one case where its application has had a misleading effect—in the account of the strife between the University of Paris and the Mendicant Orders. One who reads the narrative on p. 388, without consulting other authorities, will receive not merely an incomplete, but an incorrect notion of what took place.

But as the book is a book, and not a compilation, it is luckily not altogether consistent in its plan of restraint and condensation. Certain passages here show us what we shall miss if Dr. Barry never deals with some portion of his subject in a more leisurely way, giving free rein to the faith and spirit that are in him. Certain memorable pages were written, he tells us, in the Lausanne garden where Gibbon finished his great work. Not every thoughtful reader may accept the conclusions he draws in them from his long view that stretches from the thirteenth century heretics to the eighteenth century revolutionists; yet when he says of Innocent III.: "Unconsciously, yet with all his might, he aimed at making the Calvins, Voltaires, Gibbons, and Rousseaus impossible," we see a philosophic mind working among the problems of the ages, and listen more willingly than to smatterers with whom we may be in superficial agreement. Even in the midst of his most crowded narrative he has an eye for the picturesque, and shows a power of vivid portraiture. Out of a score of examples which we recall, we name at random Otho, the young Emperor, with his friends, Bruno, the ascetic Pope Gregory V., and Gerbert, the half-mystic, half free-thinking Pope Silvester II.; Frederic II., whom he represents as "the chivalrous, unsteady, mediæval Byron"; and Blanche of Castile, whom he pictures as "the haughty, severe, not amiable Madame de Maintenon, gifted with more will and resolution."

Though the book teems with facts, the most careful reader will not often find Dr. Barry tripping. But we should like to know on what grounds he so firmly assumes the guilt of Pier delle Vigne. And poor St. Peter Celestine is hardly judged with perfect fairness. It is too much praise, from a modern point of view, to say he represented the Franciscan ideal; and it is to be too contemptuous of his understanding and of his alertness to what was going on about him to say that he, Celestine, who had been abbot, traveller, and guide of souls from all the provinces of Italy, "knew only faces from the Abruzzi." The fact is, Dr. Barry, though far more judicial than Tosti, is not a little under the glamour of Boniface. If Boniface lived to-day, he would have many admirers, as type of what is called "the strong man." He is, indeed, a striking figure. To the pope with whom died the Middle Ages, who wrecked the Florentine career of Dante, and was immortalised by the poet's hate, who staked all in his war with Philip, we can hardly grudge the space that is devoted. Boniface was "game." But the sincerity we are asked to admit we see no trace of in his intercourse with Charles, or Celestine, or the Colonnas, or the King of France. His struggle with Philip was Titanic in its energy; but petty in its aims. It was all for personal supremacy. No whit more arrogant than Hildebrand, he had not a spark of his greatness. Indeed, the victim of Anagni might have been the hero of a lesser Canossa, had he not so well taught men, both good and bad, what he knew best, how to fight for their own hand, and how to hate. A. MACDONELL.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GEORGIAN PERIOD.*

This collection of studies is a striking instance of the zeal and pains spent at the present day on the discovery of literary relics of the great, and of the relatively great, who are just beyond living memory, and in describing manners and institutions just sufficiently removed from our own to make the contrast rather piquant than violent. It must be confessed that it also shows how close the pursuit has been, and how small a sieve is necessary to retain the prizes of the search. The reflected interest left by great names upon those about them, and the light thrown by quite ordinary minds on the ways of the past are both excellent subjects, with due selection in the setting forth. There must be some little facet of reflecting polish, at least, in the intellects which surrounded the greater light, and some touch of original observation in the letter-writers and diarists who are to illustrate contemporary manners. In the chapter of the present volume entitled "A Spinster's Recollections" (letters and journals of Letitia Hawkins), the references to Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith add no touch of reality to the names we know; the Norfolk letters of "The Yeoman's Daughter" quite fail to improve our acquaintance with the order just below Miss Austen's upper middle class subjects. In direct contrast to these are

* "Sidelights on the Georgian Period." By George Paston. 10s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

"The Angel of Judgment" (Girolamo Da Cremona). From "The Study and Criticism of Italian Art." (G. Bell and Sons.) By kind permission of the Publishers

the observations of "An American in England," George Ticknor, a professor at Harvard, who was in England in 1815, in 1835, and again in 1850. His references to Byron, Scott, the Holland House set, the Lake poets, and Macaulay have each their own illuminating value. "A Burney Friend-

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

"The Madonna Del Gran' Duca." From "Raphael," one of the volumes in Messrs. Bell's dainty "Miniature Series." By kind permission of the Publishers.

ship" (containing about a dozen letters of Mme. d'Arblay and Dr. Burney not hitherto published in volume form) is light, both upon the character of the novelist and of the times. The accounts of Georgian illustrated magazines and of the *Monthly Review* of 1749 are interesting studies in comparative journalism; and the extracts from Sir John Malcolm's MS. notes of the South African war of 1795 are opportune in their curiously exact repetitions of history. Chapters on the felon and the feminine ideal in the eighteenth century, on Angelo's fencing school, on some French observers of London under George III. go to make up a varied and ably presented survey of a forceful age which we are perhaps a little too ready to regard as the "teacup times of hood and hoop."

The book is well illustrated from old copperplates and steel engravings. G. FORRESTER SCOTT.

MACGILLIVRAY ON COPYRIGHT.*

Mr. Macgillivray has made a useful contribution to the bibliography of Copyright Law. His "Law of Copyright" will not supersede "Copinger"—which is a mine of research—nor "Scrutton," which is useful to legislators since it impartially and lucidly criticises and queries a considerable number of still binding decisions of the judges. But it usefully supplements both works. It brings English and American statute and case law down to a recent date—an addendum giving even the Musical (Summary Proceedings) Copyright Act, 1902, which received the Royal Assent while the sheets were passing through the press. The work contains "a full appendix of all Acts of Parliament, International Conventions, Orders in Council, Treasury Minute, and Acts of Congress now in force."

Mr. Macgillivray is at once admirably concise and a little oracular. He attempts definitions. A book, for instance, he declares to be "original literary matter in such tangible form as readily conveys ideas or information to the mind of the reader"—a considerable extension to the conditions of the Copyright Act. There are many copyright works which are certainly not very original, and which impart little information to anybody. A pattern sleeve and the face of a barometer have been ruled outside the statute, but there is little limitation to the forms which a "book" may take either at English or American law or under the Berne Convention. Such definitions possess therefore a purely academic interest.

Mr. Macgillivray is of opinion that neither printing nor "offering for sale" is necessary to constitute "publication," while he disputes the validity of the customary *pro formâ* publication in Great Britain. It is one of the most amazing inconsistencies of the copyright law that none of the English nor American statutes or cases should have clearly established in what "publication" consists. There is a certain consensus of opinion both in England and America that there must be some sort of "offering to the public," and Mr. Macgillivray most appropriately completes the puzzle by suggesting that the work might be offered in manuscript (or, we suppose, typewriting), and if he is right there is another chance for the Great Unpublished.

On the burning question of commissioned work under Section 18, Mr. Macgillivray distinguishes between work done as agent or servant and as an independent contractor; although surely the "terms of employment" must be the determining factor in deciding the ownership of magazine copyright. Mr. Macgillivray expresses a doubt whether before publication an assignment of manuscript, even though purporting to carry with it the right to publish and acquire copyright, need be in writing. He makes a praiseworthy attempt to distinguish the cases by showing that in many the doubt arises whether an assignment or a licence (which he usefully differentiates) was intended, while there may be a "partial assignment," a doctrine which has grown up and ousted the old principle that copyright was one and indivisible. The upshot of his most painstaking analysis is to accentuate the flagrant anomalies of the law regulating the transfer of literary property. It is an outrage on common sense that there should not be a simple system of conveyance which would leave neither side in doubt; while that an author may be held to have assigned his copyright merely by handing over the MS. is, obviously, to put it mildly, an unsatisfactory condition of things, and suggests another *casus omissus* from the Statute of Frauds.

We have no fault to find with Mr. Macgillivray's elucidation of the wrongs and remedies of copyright owners. Case law must always be somewhat confusing to the lay if not to the legal mind, but, until legislation supervenes, it is only possible to marshal the decisions side by side and strike a balance. Mr. Macgillivray expresses some personal doubts, as, for instance, whether an injunction will be granted to protect the future numbers of a periodical; whether the Customs Act limits the provisions of the Copyright Act by extending protection against the importation of foreign reprints only to those cases where notice is given, and so on.

Here, again, is an enunciation of the law as it stands respecting dramatic copyright which is admirably concise:—"One cannot publish a non-dramatic work, and, after publishing it in its non-dramatic form, claim the exclusive right to represent the non-dramatic work on the stage in its dramatic form." We doubt, moreover, whether this declaration of the law, which is as correct as it is cogent, is so qualified by "Warne v. Seebohm," better known as "the Fauntleroy Case," as is commonly imagined, although Mr. Macgillivray suggests that the protection given to the words of a novel by that decision extends to the scenes and events. The gist of this *vexata quæstio* appears to be that the Dramatic Copyright Act contemplates the composition of a "dramatic piece," and the privileges conferred do not attach until this condition is fulfilled. It is obviously an evasion of the Act to seek to confer them by extending the rule as to infringements of copyright.

A desire to be concise is, we presume, the reason for dismissing copyright in engravings in fourteen pages; in sculpture in six pages; in paintings, drawings, and photographs in eighteen pages. Again, Colonial copyright is disposed of in seven pages, and International Copyright in thirteen pages—Copinger gives sixty-one. All these chapters can, therefore, only be regarded as useful summaries.

* "A Treatise upon the Law of Copyright in the United Kingdom and the Dominions of the Crown and in the United States of America." By E. J. Macgillivray, LL.D. 25s. net. (John Murray.)

XUM

Nor is the chapter of five pages on "publishing and printing agreements" at all adequate, in view of the fact that nine-tenths of the literary business of the country is done by special contract, often wholly outside the Copyright Acts or case law.

American copyright is, on the other hand, admirably dealt with. Mr. Macgillivray is here to some extent a pioneer. He is, we believe, the first to attempt an analysis of American case law since the Chace Act was passed, while the older cases are usefully compared. Mr. Macgillivray has been well advised in segregating American from English decisions. The analogies depend upon a comparison of the statutory provisions in the two countries, and it is misleading to deal with American case law as though it were applicable side by side with our own. W. MORRIS COLLES.

A NOVEL OF DESTINIES.*

"The potter with the potter can't agree," says an ill-natured classic proverb. If that were so, I should take this chance of insinuating that "Robin Brilliant" was no great success, a poorish blend of George Eliot and Charlotte Brönte, with Robin for a very indifferent Shirley, and the young man Loten Faigence, an oddly-labelled stick, doing duty as Rochester. I should then remind people that women have no humour; that the relation of manor house to village has been done pretty often, and done more exquisitely by dead authoresses. And so I should have given the other potter's vessel as hard a knock as envy could weight and manners in this mild season allow.

But even the rival potter has a conscience, and, let us hope, artistic faculty enough to admire a good thing when he sees it. Not that we are going to set up "Robin Brilliant" as ceramic ware of the pattern immortalised in the Museum at Athens or the "Ode to a Grecian Urn." It is art of a genuine kind; strong story, in the making, anyhow, if not so strong in the working out; characters distinct and remember-able, especially old Mrs. Brilliant, the Early Victorian; Mrs. Yarndell, the doctor's wife, who will put some readers in mind of Mrs. Cadwallader, but is no mere replica; and the flighty, feather-headed Celia, drawn from life. What of Robin? Yes, we know her too; she is real; but I am not sure that we get far enough down into her spirit fully to understand its mysteries. She does not quite take us into her confidence. Perhaps I am wrong, yet the outside of people and things, painted with apt colours, would seem to be Mrs. Dudeney's province rather than the dim and shadowy kingdom of souls. Her charming landscape has the English touches, definite, personal; it is always her own, and she makes it ours—a great, though happily not a rare gift.

And the villagers, with all their gossip, spite, slow thought, unfriendly friendliness, sordid tragic lives, superstitions silly or murderous, we who know them off the stage recognise near and familiar types. Once in a way the author lets them slip into old clichés, due to the fearful infection of novelist slang; but not often. I never heard country-folk tell of people being "in furrin parts"; and I do not believe they call the French "poor heathens." But Sussex may have its peculiarities. Mrs. Dudeney's own style is refined and pure. So is her handling of the story—indeed, if one may hazard the remark, it would be sure of a larger influence did it frankly own the wickedness, the disorderly impulses, and the violent passions that lie beneath, just hinted at, but not suffered to leap through the trap-door. In spite of an occasional blue flame, soon lit soon gone, the book is written for guileless young women. All honour to it, *mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*

That is how Loten comes near being a stick. Is he what they call a "woman's man"? Handsome, of course, athletic, so we hear, and no coward when the fire catches at "Black Pot"; still, he does nothing, feels little, and waits till one of these two girls pulls him after her. Then, like Mary's little lamb, he follows. Why couldn't he have committed some crime? He was not even an attempted bigamist, like Rochester. We suspect that there was more in the Paris episode than our book tells us; and a wronged and ruined Celia would have greatly heightened the pathos. She is quite interesting still; the most individual creature of them all; but in novels, as Mrs. Dudeney knows, virtue falls to a great discount.

* "Robin Brilliant." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney, author of "Folly Corner," etc. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

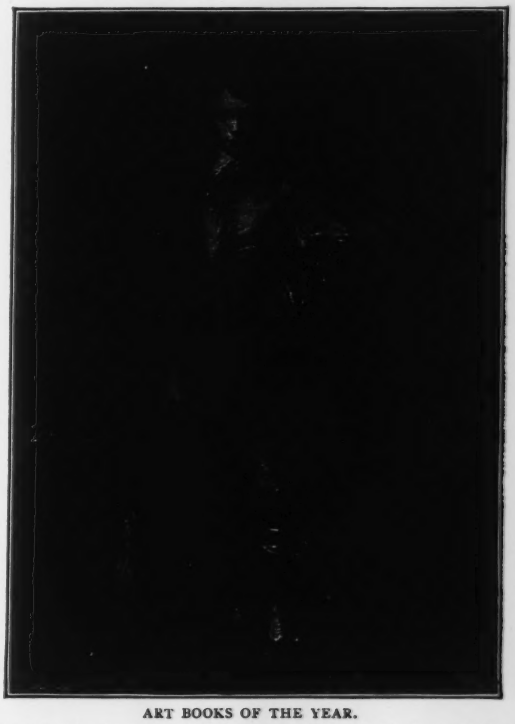
Robin tries hard to be wicked. It is not in her, although, for an amateur, she manages very well in the striking gallery scene. A doom is on this poor child, somewhat fantastic, but credible and modern (by which I mean that anyone reading will picture it without straining), while she is kept in ignorance until the mere disclosure becomes a fatal motive. There is excellent observation in all this, a subtle reality, strange but not uncommon, that forms the background to many lives. Robin is the heir of suicide and remorse. When she has learnt so much, her fortunes are determined. But story-tellers hate those who give their plots away, and I have no intention of huddling up a *dénoûment* into three or four lines. Let people find out and enjoy.

It is a woman's book for women, and has no real theme but love, looked at from the woman's garden walk in Paradise, the serpent hissing now and then among the roses. Loten, poor beast, neither does nor can state the man's argument. Robin has to teach him by example; she is a pioneer, not so much the heroine as the hero. I could fancy a crowd of women discussing her at the club tea; whatever they might think of her final resolve, they would all give their second-best frocks to have had her experience. How they would have liked to be "idle in the garden all the afternoon" with adoring and adorable Loten! Men and brothers will have their own idea of that *jeune premier.* But Robin's sisters will send for her in many editions. They might do much worse; in fact, they often and lately have done so.

WILLIAM BARRY.

PLAIN TALES FROM EGYPT.*

It is strange that novelists have been so slow in discerning the possibilities of Egypt. Few, however, are better fitted than Sir Gilbert Parker to lead the way, where success or failure depends upon the setting. Here the success is beyond doubt. The atmosphere is as thoroughly Egyptian as that of "Pierre and his People" was Canadian. We feel that this is the real Egypt, Egypt as it was in the bad old days of



ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

"The Blue Boy." From "Gainsborough." By kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell and Sons.

Ismail. "Donovan Pasha" is introduced in the "foreword" (why not "preface"?) as the *avant courier* of a longer novel. But it is good enough to stand on its own merits. The leading part in most of the stories is played by Dick Donovan, Ismail's doctor and confidential adviser, an entertaining and resourceful little man, always in difficulty, but never beaten. In the best of this collection, "The Desertion of Mahommed Selim," a most finished and pathetic bit of work, Dicky plays

* "Donovan Pasha." By Sir Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

no part. It is a perfect tragedy of Egyptian life in miniature. There is plenty of excellent comedy too, and very pleasing is the conversion of that attractive ruffian Seti to a belief in the greatness of Dick Donovan. The soldier tales at the end are weak, and the book would be stronger without them. The only other blemish in the book is the recurrence of needless Egyptian words. Glossary or no glossary, there is no excuse for calling an orderly with a big stick, "a kavass with a naboot of domwood." The Oriental mind is baffling enough without these linguistic difficulties.

MR. W. S. MAUGHAM'S NEW NOVEL.*

If, from any cause, you are afraid to look life in the face, you had better leave Mr. Maugham alone and turn for solace to some of the thousand-and-one novels that concern themselves with the improbable romances of ideal men and women who have little or no footing at all on the earth we know; but if you prefer that your fiction should reflect the truth and, by opening magic casements on the world as it is, enlarge your knowledge of and sympathy with actual humanity—then Mr. Maugham is a novelist who will count with you. Despite certain crudities, his "Liza of Lambeth" survived most of the novels of its season, and "Mrs. Craddock" shows him maturer and more reticent, both in his choice of subject and his manner of handling it. There are only three or four characters of prime importance in the book, and the most important of them is Mrs. Craddock herself—a subtle and even masterly study of a certain feminine temperament that is probably not so uncommon as we would like to believe. At the start, she is Bertha Ley, unmarried, on the eve of attaining her majority, and living with an indolent, worldly-wise aunt, "whose attitude towards life was a shrug of the shoulders and a well-bred smile of contempt." Returning from a lengthy sojourn abroad, Bertha meets Edward Craddock, a young tenant-farmer on her estate, whom she had known in earlier years. With all her birth and breeding, she is a woman in whom the primitive animal instincts are strongly developed, and Edward's manly good-looks and great physical strength, the very perfume of strong tobacco and horses and cattle that always pervades him, appeal to this sensuousness in her irresistibly. Her fierce passion fires a feebler responsive love in him, and, in defiance of their social inequality and of public opinion, she marries him. Thereafter, for a while her passion increases; she is happy only in his presence, and is constantly caressing him and wheedling him to kiss and caress her, and he being a bluff, stolid, unsentimental man, this soon palls upon him, and he is brusque and impatient with her. "Love to her was a burning fire, a flame that absorbed the rest of life; love to him was a convenient and necessary institution of Providence, a matter about which there was as little need for excitement as about the ordering of a suit of clothes," and, at length, when his easy stolidity hurts her, he cannot understand her tears and is unmoved by them, his view being that "women were like chickens; give 'em a good run properly closed in with stout wire netting, so that they can't get into mischief, and when they cluck and cackle, just sit tight and take no notice."

Portrait of Maria Malibran.
From "Lombard Studies." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

So, inevitably, disillusion comes to Bertha, at last; she had married her ideal of the man, and wakes by painful degrees to a recognition of the reality and finds herself "linked to a man she did not know." With a cunning and fine insight Mr. Maugham traces the petty gradations by which she drifts away from him till, after the child she had thought to love in place of him is still-born, she leaves him to travel with her aunt, and coming back, sees him with wholly disenchanted eyes, and grows to loathe him with angry physical repulsion. She leaves him again, and having burnt through an almost fatal passion for a Byronic younger cousin, again returns, and then comes the end, which is more or less happy or unhappy, according to the standpoint from which you look at it. The minor characters and episodes are cleverly drawn, and the social life of the Kentish countryside is touched in with fidelity. The book, as a whole, is a really notable piece of work, and marks a distinct advance on what Mr. Maugham had previously accomplished.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "Mrs. Craddock." By W. S. Maugham. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"THE VULTURES."

There is a certain easy strength and charm about Mr. Merriman's style that is difficult of definition; he does not rely on any niggling or juggling with fancy words and prettinesses of phrase, but writes robustly and imaginatively, and knows how to achieve a breadth and largeness of effect without violence or apparent effort. His descriptions of places and persons have a directness and severe simplicity of outline that give them the sharp-edged vividness of etchings. Take this of a place: "A muddy sea and a dirty grey sky, a cold rain and a moaning wind. Short-capped waves breaking to leeward in a little hiss of spray. The water itself sandy and discoloured. Far away to the east, where the green-grey and the dirty-grey merge into one, a windmill spinning in the breeze: Holland. . . . There must be land to the eastward, though nothing but the spinning mill is visible. The land is below the level of the sea." Or this of a person: "Cartoner was a dreamy man, with absorbed eyes, rather deeply sunk under a strong forehead. His eyelids had that peculiarity which is rarely seen in the face of a man who is a non-entity. They were quite straight, and cut across the upper curve of the pupil. This gave a direct, stern look to dreamy eyes, which was odd."

Cartoner, Mr. Joseph P. Mangles, and Monsieur Deulier are the "vultures"—secret agents in the diplomatic services of England, America, and France, always wandering about

* "The Vultures." By Henry Seton Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

the world in the interests of their different Governments, and, with others similarly engaged, flocking together wherever war or trouble is brewing. There is trouble brewing, here, in Poland, and soon after the story opens the "vultures" leave the social delights of London hurriedly and arrive one after the other in Warsaw, where rumours of a coming revolution are already in the air. The revolt unfolds absorbingly, from the time when Prince Bukaty and his son in London are arranging with Captain Cable (an admirably drawn typical British seaman) for the secret shipment of arms; to the meetings and plottings in Warsaw; to the assassination of the Czar, and the final fiasco. Which fiasco is partly brought about by the carelessness of Mr. Mangles' niece, pretty Netty Cahere, who has won the heart of Prince Bukaty's son, as she wins the hearts of most men who come near her. Her shallowness is finely contrasted with the womanly strength and constancy of the Princess Wanda (Bukaty's daughter), whose beauty and sweetness waken an abiding love in the breast of the unimpressionable Cartoner, so that between these two there grows up a high and utterly unselfish passion that is one of the most beautiful and idyllic things in modern fiction. The pictures of Russian and Polish life are extremely well done, and both in characterisation and construction this is a brilliant and intensely interesting novel.

MISS CHOLMONDELEY'S NEW BOOK.*

Broadly speaking, there are two ways of writing a novel of character. One is to take certain types and trace their interaction under certain circumstances; the other is to take some episode from real life and discover by analysis the motives and feelings which led the characters to act as they did. The difference between the two methods is the difference between what—for want of better terms—may be called constructive and sympathetic imagination. This latter, the sympathetic method, we feel convinced, is that followed by Miss Cholmondeley. Probably this is the reason why her characters are apt to do unexpected things, partly because nothing is so unexpected as the actual, and partly because the unexpected demands explanation. "Moth and Rust" is marked by the same intensity as "Red Pottage." Miss Cholmondeley feels deeply the difficulties facing her characters. She seems to concentrate herself on each one, at least upon each of the women; for her men are sketched more in outline. She is a keen and shrewd student of society, and can comment on social foibles with humour and light irony. There is a note of sadness throughout the book, but not of pessimism. The ending is the only one possible, and far less unhappy than the end of "Red Pottage." Of the two short stories at the end of the volume, one, "The Pitfall," seems like a study for a full-length novel. It is dramatic, poignant, and unforgetable. Indeed, it is one of the most marked features of Miss Cholmondeley's work that it is hard to forget. The main outline somehow burns itself into the reader's memory.

Novel Notes.

FLOWER O' THE CORN. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Clarke.)

He must be a very sophisticated novel-reader who could read the first chapter of "Flower o' the Corn" and then refrain from going on. Whatever else he may or may not be, Mr. Crockett is undeniably a born story-teller; he gives himself whole-heartedly to his work, and is interesting primarily because he writes from a fulness of interest in what he is doing. His latest romance is of the great days when Marlborough was campaigning in the Low Countries, and his hero, Captain Maurice Raith, is that invincible general's favourite aide. On the eve of setting forth on a dangerous and difficult mission in disguise, Maurice for the first time sees Frances Wellwood, the fascinatingly lovely daughter of one of the regimental chaplains, and warns her against wandering alone so far beyond the camp. She is scornful of his warning, proves she is able to take care of herself by suddenly producing a brace of pistols from behind her, and a formidable knife from under her skirt, demands a horse of a passing orderly, mounts and rides off with pretty contempt, leaving Maurice angry, humiliated, but hopelessly in love. There is another woman in the story as beautiful as Frances and more dangerous, to Maurice as well as to others. In a word, it is as stirring and absorbing a romance of love and war as any Mr. Crockett has ever given us.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GREY-HORSE TROOP By Hamlin Garland. 6s. (Richards.)

This is the story of an Indian reservation, and the establishing in it of a new agent who is in keenest sympathy with the redmen, and resolute to protect them against the encroachments of settlers and prospectors who are intriguing with the heads of political departments to oust them from the remnant of their land that is reserved to them. Captain Curtis, the agent, is a man of calm courage and resource; he has studied the habits and history of the redmen, and by his sympathetic understanding wins their entire devotion. He meets with Elsie Brisbane, the wilful, beautiful daughter of ex-senator Brisbane, the bitterest enemy of the redmen, and he finds she has imbibed all her father's intolerant hatred of that broken race, but not even his love of her and his desire to win her love can move him from his faith in the grateful people that are under his dominion. Her fierce opposition to him; his attempts to make her understand the race she despises, how he attests the strength of his loyalty to them,

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

"Schoolboys" (Sir J. Reynolds). From "Life and Works of John Raphael Smith." A superb collection of this engraver's art. (Messrs. Macmillan.) By kind permission of the Publishers.

and finally, after much failure, wins her round to his standpoint—all this is told with such vigour and vividness as holds the reader absorbed. The book has the colour and atmosphere of the place and people it is concerned with, and the struggle of the old order as it slowly, inevitably gives place to the new is faithfully rendered throughout. It is a fine book; it has its humour, its touches of restrained pathos; and the characterisation is extremely able.

NEBO THE NAILER. By S. Baring-Gould. 6s. (Cassell.)

Before all else, one may safely depend upon it that Mr. Baring-Gould (unlike some others of our popular novelists) is never in the lamentable case of the Needy Knife-Grinder—he has always a story to tell, and it is always well worth the telling. This romance of Nebo the Nailer is largely concerned with the sufferings and aspirations of the nailworkers in the Midlands, and their struggles against the tyrannies of their employers. It is concerned also with the lives of men and women that ripen independently of environment, and shows how while Bessie, the pretty sister of Nebo, won the heart of the aristocratic Fred Folly, Nebo himself was consumed with a hopeless passion for Fred's beautiful and generous sister Sylvia, who, under Nebo's prevailing influence, had been financing divers schemes for the amelioration of the lives of the nailworkers. It is an excellent story, with a strong human interest, and written with all the charm and

* "Moth and Rust." By Mary Cholmondeley. 6s. (Murray.)

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

"St. George on Horseback." From "Dürer." In Messrs. Duckworth and Co.'s charming little series. By kind permission of the Publishers.

vigour of style that has won for Mr. Baring-Gould so large a meed of popular favour.

BEHIND THE GRANITE GATEWAY. By W. Scott King. 6s. (Hodder.)

Since Charles Reade wrote "It is Never too Late to Mend" there has perhaps been no more earnest and powerful denunciation of our prison system than Mr. Scott King formulates in "Behind the Granite Gateway." He writes with feeling and with conviction, as one who, in the course of his duties, has seen and knows the awful things that are done in the name of justice and the laws of civilisation. His story is of an honest man who stumbles into crime through sheer ignorance. Headley Davenport is the innocent victim and scapegoat of certain financial sharks, and goes to penal servitude for seven years. The girl who was to have married him, the daughter of an impecunious aristocratic family, certain of whose members had angled for his money, breaks with her own people and waits for him through all that bitter length of his imprisonment. We have vivid glimpses of Headley's prison life, and see him, at the end of his term, debased and imbecile from what he has endured, surrendered to the woman who loves him. To have ended here might have given an extra sting and emphasis to Mr. Scott King's indictment, but many readers will be grateful to him for having found a way not merely to a less painful but to a happy ending.

THE LAST ALIVE. By J. McLaren Cobban. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The central idea of "The Last Alive" is most ingenious. A dying millionaire leaves his fortune to whichever of his five friends shall be alive fifteen years afterwards—with the sardonic provision that there must not be more than one left. The story deals with the working out of "this infernal Tontine," as one of the characters aptly names it. Whatever an unimaginative lawyer might say, in fiction, at any rate, even the most fantastic wills are never contested. The secret is well kept, and though the reader may fancy that he foresees the end, he is pretty certain to be wrong. As for the man who really was "the last alive," a person who throve so amazingly on prussic acid was obviously a formidable competitor in such a game. Mr. Cobban is an experienced story-teller, and his narrative never flags. This sort of novel has its own standard of probability, and Mr. Cobban can hardly be said to go beyond this.

THE UNNAMED. By William Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Given a beautiful Italian, a mysterious Irishman, and a famous secret society, then the result in the hands of such a past-master in the gentle art of thrilling is bound to be exciting. Mr. Le Queux could hardly be dull if he tried; indeed, if the metaphor may be pardoned, he reeks of mystery and fizzes with excitement. But we doubt if he has ever been more exciting and his complications more complicated than in "The Unnamed." By boldly beginning in the middle of the story he avoids all tedious introductory chapters; it is true that this method makes some demand on the reader, but any reader with the true stuff in him will feel complimented by being left to piece together the beginning for himself. There is a distinctly cosmopolitan air about Mr. Le Queux's work, but it is the air of a man who knows the countries of which he writes. As for the Camorra, the famous Italian secret society, should the reader be incredulous, then Mr. Le Queux suggests a simple experiment that can be tried on any organ-grinder. Will no one try it?

THE WAY OF A MAN. By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is a vigorous and vivid story of a pocket revolution in a South American Republic, and the part played in it by two English people. It is written in an incisive and forcible style, and the action moves on rapidly to the somewhat unexpected ending. The title strikes us as misleading: it ought rather to have been "The Way of a Woman." Still, the most striking character in the book is certainly the President, Guttierrez, a well-drawn picture. The heroine, too, is an original and picturesque creation, but whether she was right in choosing Guttierrez in preference to the Englishman is another question. Patriotism apart, mixed marriages are rarely successful even on paper.

WITH CLIPPED WINGS. By M. S. Boyd. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is a bright and racy story of the adventures of a New Zealand girl on a visit to England. There is no lack here of the humour which made "Our Stolen Summer" so enjoyable. Mrs. Boyd is perhaps most at home in New Zealand, and the earlier chapters of the book are more natural and effective. The adventures in London border on the melodramatic sometimes. The dialogue is lively, and the sketch of the mature Honoria Lorimer trying to enter the select society of Queen's Gate most amusing. We would gladly have seen more, however, of the vegetarian lady lecturer, who disappears from the story all too soon. The mystery an experienced reader will soon guess, but we challenge anyone to say whom the heroine will really marry.

MOTHER EARTH. By Frances Harrod. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The sub-title, "A Sentimental Comedy," assured us of a happy ending, according to that delightful rule which makes a story a comedy when the hero and heroine marry, and a tragedy when they do not. The scene is laid in Anglesea, which Miss Harrod knows well. The background is carefully filled in, and the strong sense of locality which marks the book would alone serve to distinguish it. The idea is good, and, if not exactly new in itself, worked out in an original way. The heroine is most attractive, so attractive that we felt very angry with the hero for apparently ignoring this. Still, in justice to him, it must be admitted that he explained his conduct afterwards and made ample amends for it. We wish, however, that Miss Harrod had been original enough to make her millionaire English instead of American. Is this another phase of the American invasion?

THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART. By Francis Prevost. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The title applies equally to any one of the three volumes into which the book is divided, for the hero in each case is more plagued than benefited by becoming a victim to the tender passion. In the first instance, however, the stir of feeling between the man and the woman is simply a delicate undercurrent in an excellent story of action and excitement. "The Siege of Sar" is the tale of a perilous and secret retreat through the icy mountain passes of India by a small besieged English force. But among this little group of men there is one woman, a light, attractive creature, whose presence in all these scenes of hardships and bloodshed has a singularly moving incongruity. Never does the least enlightenment come to her. She moves for days in an environment of anguish and horror. But to the end, when, very undeservedly, the previously impervious hero yields to her childlike blandishments, she remains untouched by pity,

unmoved by any sense of having seen deeper things than the trivial round of selfish living. She has cried with pain, lain half frozen in the mountain passes, but has never shed a tear for the dying men about her, never for a moment broken through the crust of a choking self-absorption. The other two stories—though both good—lack the brisk movement which gives such a swing to the first of the group, while in the second the reader's interest is a little attenuated by being told the end practically before the beginning, and in the last, because, as is easily foreseen, from such a hero no definite end can be expected at all. Nothing but Death could properly make up his mind for him.

HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND. By Rosalie Neish. 6s. (Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

This is not a novel, but a series of sketches, more or less loosely brought into some slight connection one with another. Some of them have previously appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* and the *Westminster Gazette*, and read at different intervals were probably amusing enough. But the humour has not the substance necessary for a production in volume form—the demands of a *feuilleton* in an evening paper and the demands of a six-shilling publication being somewhat divergent. Moreover, the impression conveyed by these sketches is curiously familiar. The pretty and irresponsible creature here called Celia has become a terribly frequent figure in recent books of lighter fiction. "Celia and the Summer Sales" is a characteristic example of her behaviour. Assured and triumphant, she starts in the morning—leaving the long-suffering husband groaning at the inevitable—to buy cheap a few household necessities, and returns weeping to her bed at night, having spent £98 4s. 11½d., without having remembered the very articles she went to get. But the idiosyncrasies of Celia are endless. Under the influence of a strong-minded aunt we find her abandoning frivolities, to take to the "higher education." Cured of this, we get her seized with the literary mania, only to be once more cured by the criticisms of her unsuspecting husband. Finally we leave her the adored and light-hearted creature of the beginning—a woman with a mental development the average girl of fifteen would blush if accused of possessing. At the same time, for those whose reading must be light, and who are not tired of cheerful if well-worn lines of fiction, "How to Choose a Husband" will offer an hour or two of pleasant recreation.

THE WINE OF FINVARRA, ETC. By C. D. Antrobus. 6s. (Chatto.)

There has been a great deal written lately about the unsaleability of volumes of short stories, yet every season nearly every publisher has at least one or two in his list, and, certainly, when he has a choice between the average novel, such as all publishers are issuing in great plenty, and a book of short stories such as this, which is far above the average, it is no wonder if his pocket judgment fails him and he is impelled to try his luck with the better work. The only connecting link between these stories by Mrs. Antrobus is that they are all of north country life. They are by turns humorous and pathetic; in two or three a momentous episode or a whole life history is played out in a weird twilight atmosphere of the supernatural. All the stories are excellent, but one might, if put to it, select for special praise "The Ploughing of the Owd Lad's Bit," "The Man from Stalybridge," and "The Wine of Finvarra," the grotesque humour of the first and the restrained pathos of the other two being each perfect in its kind.

THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL. By Henry Gilbert. 6s. (George Allen.)

Mr. Gilbert's new novel is a very close and thoughtful study of life and temperament. Marred in the beginning by a certain diffuseness, once well into his work Mr. Gilbert shows an absolute control of his material. From the second part until the end all superfluity is eliminated, and chapter by chapter the slow, persistent triumph of personality over effort is revealed to the reader. Richard Fortescue comes into £500, and upon a burning conviction of his own literary capacity decides to give himself a five years' trial for success in literature. He has talent, but he fails, nevertheless, and the failure was practically inevitable from the beginning, inherent in his temperament, the outcome of what was both best and worst in his intellect and character. During his impassioned strivings after success, he comes across a dressmaker's assistant, and the love story between the two is the most interesting and living part of the book. Driven by overwork to believe himself on the point of madness, he abandons the girl a few days before their wedding, and, driven by this horror of hourly approaching insanity, endeavours to commit suicide in a storm at sea. He is saved, and, realising his delusions to be merely due to nerve exhaustion, is in the end married to the girl who has borne so much for him. "The Captain of his Soul" may not appeal to a large number of readers. The style is possibly too sober to arrest an immense public, and the weakness of the first part of the book may prevent a good many people from continuing to the end. But it is a novel in which a serious subject is treated with power and restraint, and in writing almost always distinguished and expressive.

NOT FOR CROWN OR SCEPTRE. By D. Alcock. 6s. (Hodder.)

Here is an historical novel, not of the orthodox, popular pattern, but of a pattern that is much better and not so easy to follow. Instead of taking a showy hero, gilding him with the usual love interest, and rushing him headlong through a series of wild fighting adventures, perilous escapes and rash intrigues, and incidentally peppering her pages with a few great historical names and incidents, as is the fashion of the moment, Miss Alcock, in a larger and more leisurely style, recreates certain people and types of people, and rebuilds about them in the unexaggerated lines of reality something of the life and circumstance that prevailed in Sweden over three centuries ago. The main interest of the story revolves about the chequered career of Gustaf Ericson Vasa, son of the imbecile King Eric XIV.; his escape from death in childhood when his uncle, King John, sends him into banishment, his subsequent wanderings, his beautiful affection for the fine, simple old pastor who had befriended him, his idyllic, sadly ending love romance, the awakening of the true greatness that was in him, and his final high renunciation when he places the happiness and peace of his own country before his own glory. The Lutheran pastor, Sten Nilson, who goes into exile with his family and suffers loss and long imprisonment for conscience' sake, is drawn with great strength and sympathy; not less so is Sten's more intellectual, more politic brother, the Professor. The character drawing throughout is, indeed, exceptionally good, and the story is profoundly interesting, because the author has so entirely realised the times and places of which she writes that her fictions, no less than the facts she works with, wear the living, breathing aspect of very truth.

A WHALEMAN'S WIFE. By Frank T. Bullen. 6s. (Hodder.)

When you have finished "A Whaleman's Wife" you find you have pleasant enough memories of the story, but more vividly than the story itself you remember the people it has brought you in contact with and the strange, little-known scenes through which it has taken you. Reuben Eddy, son of a sturdy, good New England farmer, loves Priscilla Fish, the daughter of some neighbours, but she rejects him for Captain Da Silva, a swaggering, handsome friend of her brother's. She marries the captain and goes to sea with him on a whaling expedition, and is not long in discovering that the man is coarse and brutal, a hateful tyrant to his crew, and little better to herself. It would have been a mistake to allow the heartbroken Reuben to leave home to find forgetfulness in change and ship on board another whaler, because this of necessity gives the adventures of himself and Priscilla a similar background, were it not that Mr. Bullen ingeniously contrives to get far more variety into that background than the reader would have thought possible. Life aboard the whalers and the perils and huge labour of whale-fishing are described with a most graphic realism, and the book is excellently illustrated by Mr. Arthur Twidle.

LAVINIA. By Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Occasionally in "Lavinia" Miss Rhoda Broughton is at her best, but, on the whole, the story is somewhat unsatisfactory. Rupert Campion, sensitive, æsthetic, unselfish, cowardly, is an admirable study, and Sir George, his tetchy, bullying, outspoken old father, is nearly as good; Lavinia herself, though a little pale and hazy of outline, is cleverly

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

"A Desert Scout." From the magnificent volume, "Egypt." (Messrs. A. and C. Black.) By kind permission of the Publishers.

drawn. She is Sir George's niece, adopted by him, pledged to Rupert from childhood, and acting always as a peace-making "buffer" between the unreasonably irritable old man and his two sons. The eldest son dies heroically in the Boer war when the story opens, and this leads the old man to hurry on arrangements for Lavinia's wedding, lest his second son, whom he despises for his cowardice, should die and his race become extinct. That he should continually impress upon Lavinia in blunt terms that he wants her to marry quickly and present him with a grandson, and that he should consult her about the papering and preparing of a nursery, is all perfectly natural, though it sometimes jars a little; but that the supersensitive, æsthetic Rupert should lapse into a similar plainness of speech is out of keeping with his character. The humours of the rectory and of the rectory children, who, bitten with the war fever, have named all the hens after different British generals, are delightfully hit off; as are the eccentricities of the plain, sentimental Féodorovna Prince. The book is amusing and well enough written, but the plot is thin and of an old-fashioned design, and we are not used to this from Miss Broughton.

SILK AND STEEL. By H. A. Hinkson. 6s. (Chatto.)

If we had not read "Fan Fitzgerald" we should have expected less of Mr. Hinkson, and so might have thought better of "Silk and Steel." This latter lacks the freshness and much of the grip and gusto of the former, and its characterisation is inferior. It is an historical novel of the Cromwellian time, touching the affairs of that period chiefly, but superficially, from the Irish standpoint. The story opens in London under Charles I., crosses to France, proceeds to Ireland, and ends in France again at the Court of Charles II. It has the conventional lusty fighting, marvellous escapes, plots against the hero on the smallest provocation, and the usual stock of avoidable coincidences that turn a conscientious reviewer's hair grey. By the way, is not Mr. Hinkson a little lost in old London, or would a procession from Whitehall to the Guildhall enter the city at Moorgate, and then go to Cheapside by way of Bishopsgate?

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

This is another of those lively, pleasantly-sparkling comedies that Mr. Cobb writes with such a consummate fluency and charm. It strains at no heights and sounds no depths; its humour is never boisterous, its pathos stops short of poignancy, and the whole thing is very easy and enjoyable reading. The peculiarities of the Tyerman household are delightfully portrayed. Perhaps Norah Verrall, with all her flippancy and flirtation, is a more interesting and attractive personality than Ursula, who is staider, worthier, and more reliable. Roddy Tyerman, a selfish, self-satisfied little bounder, is a clever creation, but he is not good enough for Norah; and Ursula, with her irritatingly dog-like fidelity, is too good for Garth, whom everybody conspires to regard as a capable, godlike person, though he dwindles to the poorest sort of fool in the unscrupulous hands of the shrewd, ambitious Miss Marston. It is a capital story, without a dull passage in it anywhere.

THE COURSE OF JUSTICE. By Victor L. Whitechurch. 6s. (Isbister.)

This is a story of country life in which everything goes wrong at the start. The Socialist son of the Tory farmer is elected to a seat in the House of Commons by the suffrages of the artisans in the works of a great railway company. The squire's son makes a runaway match with the niece of the Tory farmer—the lady having previously distinguished herself by accidentally setting fire to the Tory farmer's hayricks. Having secured a post in a city office, the squire's son proceeds to dabble in mining shares, and forges his father's name to a cheque. The squire, who is in financial straits, is persuaded by his daughter-in-law to meet the cheque, but his life-long enemy, the Tory farmer, forecloses the mortgages on the ancient manorial estate and so brings about the untimely decease of the squire. In the meantime the Socialist M.P., who has been cut off with a shilling by his indignant father, becomes the editor of a London paper, and falls in love with the squire's beautiful daughter. An unsuccessful strike takes place at the railway company's works, which ends in the boycotting and stoning of the Socialist M.P., who is rescued from the fury of the mob by the combined efforts of a reformed drunkard and of the doctor's cultured sister, who has complicated matters by falling in love with the M.P. The Tory farmer is shot by a poacher, and relents on his bed of sickness. The Socialist son is forgiven, and the manorial title-deeds are restored to the squire's son. A general reconciliation takes place, and the ex-M.P., now converted to Toryism, marries the squire's daughter and leaves the newspaper for the paternal farm. The doctor's sister is left out in the cold. The narrative is bright and entertaining, and thoroughly healthy in tone; though the plot is melodramatic in the extreme. Some of the characters in this rural drama are skilfully and vividly portrayed.

KITWYK. By Mrs. John Lane. With illustrations. 6s. (John Lane.)

From Holland we expect—albeit with the kindest of feelings—that, if anything comes to us at all, it will be rather solid and level, perhaps even flat. Mrs. John Lane, however, in giving us some of the annals of Kitwyk, has given us humour, and tenderness, and sparkle, anything but level solidity; yet it is Holland. It is Kitwyk, a real little Dutch village. By the time we have read to the end of the twelve chapters we know the sleepy market-place—frequented, or deserted, according to custom, at certain fixed hours—as well as we know our own doorstep; we know the town pump—"everything in Kitwyk radiated from the town pump, a great iron structure with a stout handle, at which Kitwyk had exercised its muscles since before the days of the Spaniards"—we know the spotless kitchens and living rooms, the golden ornaments at the foreheads of the round-faced maidens, the way in which marriages were arranged in Kitwyk, and the way in which some few, at least, were escaped from, or suffered a pleasing variation of bridegroom. In this model, placid village—with its tavern, "William the Silent," its church, its town hall, its buff or white gabled houses, its row of chestnut trees—as well as placidity, spotless cleanliness, and rather solemn gossip, there is comedy, and even tragedy. Mynheer de Keyser could do good trade in herrings and brown sugar, but he could also think of love; he could also act with reason when supplanted by his son, Laurens. The Burgomaster of Kitwyk could dare to circumvent his town council when he desired to foster his pride by having a sofa in the council chamber, but this believer in Progress could declare "After work, pleasure," and invite his town council to go a-hunting, a suggestion to

make Kitwyk gasp—even more than gasp before it was over. The whole of the pretty volume, from its dainty blue and white covers, with windmills and ships and Dutchmen on them, to its dainty chronicles and pictures, of old and young, burghers and lovers, sunshine and tulips, is a wholesome delight. "If," says the writer . . . "some one will pause to read of Kitwyk, and perhaps smile, I shall be quite content." We have read, and we have smiled—often; and we shall, we prophesy, read and smile again—often.

The Bookman's Table.

ON THE HEELS OF DE WET. By the Intelligence Officer. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Those who have long wondered why we failed to catch De Wet cannot do better than read this little book, which is based on the diary of an officer who played a prominent part in the long and arduous pursuit after the world-renowned guerilla chieftain. No more fascinating book has been written on any phase of the war in South Africa, and we do not remember any other in which both the grim realities and the humours of campaigning have been more faithfully depicted. The story of the confusion and general mismanagement which prevailed is astounding reading. We now learn how column after column was sent out, without maps or guides, to locate the enemy in the midst of trackless wildernesses swarming with Boer spies and secret sympathisers. We are also told how regiments of irregular horse were hastily scraped together from the Uitlander scum of Johannesburg, whose sole aim and desire was to get a cheap passage back to the Rand at Government expense. These were the men who deserted Methuen, and who on every available occasion surrendered *en masse* to the enemy, thus acting as wholesale purveyors of arms and ammunition to the Boers. The difficulty of dealing with the treacherous Dutch in Cape Colony is illustrated by the personal experiences of the author, who in his chivalrous guilelessness at first fell an easy victim to the wiles of the rebel damsels. The fatal flaw in the scheme of pursuit appears to have been the fact that the individual column commanders were rarely, if ever, given a free hand, and were badgered by innumerable and contradictory telegraphic orders from all quarters. Thus on one occasion no fewer than 104 telegrams were received by the author's brigade, within 48 hours. The brigadier finally resorted to a scheme by which he winnowed the chaff from the wheat. "You have two pockets in your tunic," he told the author. "The right pocket will be the receptacle for business telegrams, the left for 'bunkum.'" No less than 97 of the telegrams were relegated to the bunkum pocket! Considering the difficulties of the country, and the scantiness of the resources and information placed at the disposal of the column commanders, it is by no means surprising that De Wet should time after time have slipped through their hands. The author has the courage of his convictions, and boldly attacks the iniquitous regulations by which seniors in rank are given important commands irrespective of their qualifications for the work entrusted to them. The evil of this system has long been admitted on all hands, but it is refreshing to find it so frankly and openly attacked by one of the cloth.

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

A Dutch Girl. From Mr. Mortimer Menpes' charming volume, "World Pictures." By kind permission of the Publishers (Messrs. A. and C. Black).

JOURNAL OF EDWARD ELLERKER WILLIAMS. With an Introduction by Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., and Illustrations. (Elkin Mathews.)

There is a pathetic pleasure in reading the simple yet extremely interesting journal of this friend and companion of Shelley and Byron. It is the first time the diary has ever been published as a whole; and the occasion of its abrupt ending, the notable hands through which it has passed, and the water stains which bear witness to its immersion in the ill-fated wreck of the Don Juan, all bring it before us with something of the vividness of the presence of a friend we had long imagined dead. In these effortless and unpremeditated notes of daily events, we seem to see the Shelleys, Lord Byron, Claire, Trelawney, and the rest moving before us; and simple as the writing and scope are, there are sound judgments and observations contained in the little volume. Sincere thanks are due to the grandson of the writer for allowing the interesting MS. to be made public. We reproduce the water-stained sketch of Edward Ellerker Williams.

Edward Ellerker Williams. Friend and Companion of Shelley. Reproduced from his "Journal." (Mr. Elkin Mathews.)

EGYPT. Painted and Described by R. Talbot Kelly. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

"Lishrub el moyeh en Nil awadeh." "Who drinks Nile water must return." This is an old Egyptian proverb, and what is true of the veritable water and of Egypt is true of the painted water and land in this book. They hold the eyes and the admiration all the time, and they bring the reader back to its pages again and again. Rarely can this old, old country have received more beautiful homage than here—the happily inspired work of a true artist revealing her countless charms. Mr. Talbot Kelly's hope that he "may convey to the reader a little of the fascination of the country" is fulfilled undoubtedly; in his words we find fresh observation, appreciation, sympathy, and thought, and in his paintings the whole history, and grandeur, and gorgeousness, and tenderness of Egypt lie spread before us. Whether it is a desolate desert, an afterglow, a misty evening, a sandstorm, moonlight, heat, stillness, or whirlwind, the atmosphere is exquisite, the composition striking and fresh, the technique thoroughly sound. While giving hearty praise to the volume, some words of sincere congratulation must be given to the publishers, who have produced such a marvellously successful example of colour-printing as is to be found in the whole of these seventy-five plates.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS. By W. F. Dawson. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock.)

Appropriateness and exhaustiveness are two of the merits which give this handsome volume an insistent claim to notice at this season. From cover to cover it is amusing, instructive, and, above all, seasonable. No person over the age of fifteen (and very few under) would fail to welcome such a gift as this with delight. It is a long and entertaining chronicle of revels and banquetings, customs and sports, plays, brave deeds, remarkable episodes, celebrations and festivities, in fact all Christmas-keeping and Christmas events in different parts of the world, throughout nineteen centuries. While as for illustrations, they are uncountable—and a mere glance at them is sufficient to inspire the genuine Christmas spirit.

From "Hesperides." By Robert Herrick. One of Messrs. Newnes' tasteful Caxton Reprints.

OLD ENGLISH MASTERS. Engraved by Timothy Cole. With Historical Notes by John C. Van Dyke, and Comments by the Engraver. 42s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

This is, without exaggeration, a notable volume in the literature of wood-engraving. In it are forty-eight examples of Mr. Cole's masterly work among the painters of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, to which is added an interesting biography of the artists chosen, with some description of the period, and the influences surrounding and brought to bear upon them. The quality of Mr. Cole's work—its delicacy, its strength, its sympathetic interpretation, and understanding of the artist's feeling—is undeniable. The book is unique, and is a strong proof of the undiminished value of the art and skill of the wood engraver; Mr. Van Dyke's notes are thoroughly good and informing; while Mr. Cole's comments are of really immense value, collecting, as they do, in one volume facts respecting the artists, the pictures themselves, and the present condition of the work, with descriptions which bring before the eyes even of the ignorant, the less palpable values of the originals. We reproduce one of the engravings, but it is impossible to reveal in this the rare delicacy and true artistic value of the plates in the book.

OLD PICTURE BOOKS. With Other Essays on Bookish Subjects. By Alfred W. Pollard. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen and Co.)

There will be persons no doubt, quite wise persons, who will purchase this volume to give as a Christmas present, because it is handsome, looks dignified, and seems eminently a good sort of book to have in the house. But, in addition to these merits, Mr. Pollard's volume should be purchased by reason of its chief claim to recognition—that is, that it is above all things a book for bookmen. It is a collection of essays treating of matters of primary interest to book-lovers and book-collectors; such as printers' marks of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, armorial book-stamps, wood-cuts, book-sales, illustrated books, book-keepers, and printing. The writing is pleasantly welded, information being lightened by anecdote and narrative; with the result that here is a charming volume of scholarly gossip. The numerous pictures are thoroughly bookish also, illustrating the several essays in most interesting fashion. It is comforting at this season to know that the bibliophile is as well provided for as the infant; certainly nothing could be more suitable as a gift to a book-collector than a copy of this delightful and informing volume.

CELEBRITIES AND I. By Henriette Corkran. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Corkran is doubly fortunate in having met a host of interesting people and in being able to give her impressions of them in a clear and pleasing way. As a child she knew Thackeray well and also the father of Robert Browning, a singularly quaint and charming old man. The poet himself and his wife are among the "celebrities," along with characters so diverse as Ruskin, Lord Leighton, and Cardinal Manning. Indeed, it would be hard for anyone running over the list of names not to find some of special interest. The earliest reminiscences are the best, because they have all the vividness which stamps the events of childhood, but all bright and entertaining. Miss Corkran writes frankly, but never unkindly. Each chapter is short, and there is no padding. This is emphatically a book to be dipped into, not to be read straight through. Those are always the best books of reminiscences in which one is free to begin anywhere and end anywhere.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST: Its Place and Interpretation in the New Testament. By James Denney, D.D., Glasgow. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Dr. Denney's present volume on the Death of Christ will not merely enhance his reputation as one of the leading minds in theology, but will accomplish the much more important end of putting the New Testament teaching on this central subject beyond dispute. Without any parade of scholarship or tedious analysis of particular passages, the treatment is thorough, able, convincing. Dr. Denney's exhibition of the teaching of our Lord and of the Epistle to the Hebrews is incomparably the truest and most profound we possess. His point of view is well known, and may be gathered from a sentence which occurs towards the close of the volume: "The words of the revival hymn, 'Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe,' have the root of the matter in them;

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"His long figure was suspended above the dark abyss." See "More Christmas Books." From "The Daughter of the Dawn." (Jarrold.)

and however inadequate they may be to the interpretation of Christ's work and of Christian experience as a whole, they are infinitely truer than the most balanced, considerate, or subtle statement which denies them." Unquestionably, Dr. Denney's conclusion that the death of Christ is considered in the New Testament to be a substitutionary sacrifice will be accepted by all who study the Apostolic writings with a view to ascertain, not what the interpreter may think it desirable to find, but what is actually there. Wherever Scripture is interpreted as a mere historical record of certain phases of thought, the substitutionary character of Christ's death is found in it. It is when it is regarded as the norm of Christian faith and as binding on the modern mind, that attempts are made to escape its obvious meaning. What is primarily desirable, therefore, in the present crisis is the demonstration that the teaching of the New Testament can be consistently held alongside of and in harmony with those profound moral instincts which prompt so many to reject the substitutionary view. Dr. Denney seems to have been distinctly aware that this might be expected of him, and therefore his opening sentences have an apologetic ring: "The subject of this book must not be extended beyond the promise of the title. It is not an exhaustive treatise on the Atonement or on Justification: it is an examination of the New Testament teaching on the death of Christ." The present volume is so powerful, so penetrating, so truly evangelical and elevating and inspiring that every reader will hope it is only an instalment, and will crave and long for the appearance of its complement in a volume which will as clearly and convincingly interpret to us the teachings of our moral instincts, as the present volume interprets the utterances of the New Testament on this all-important theme.

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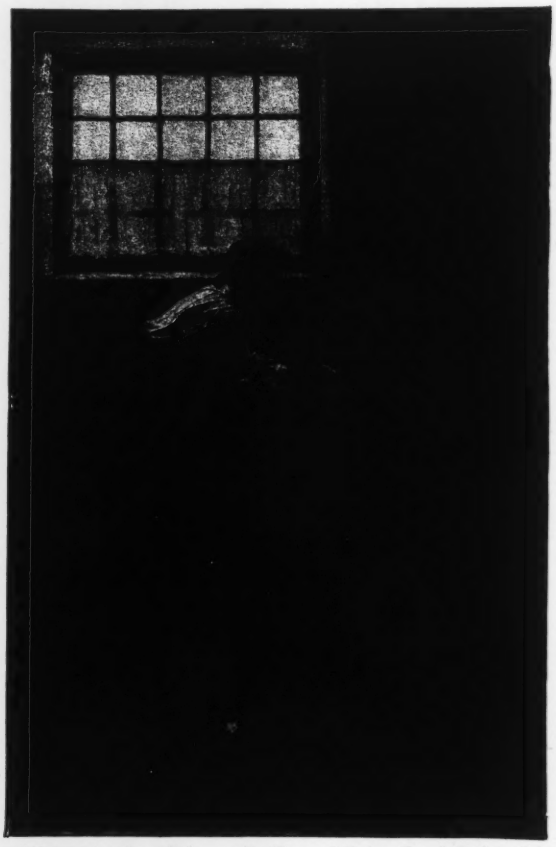

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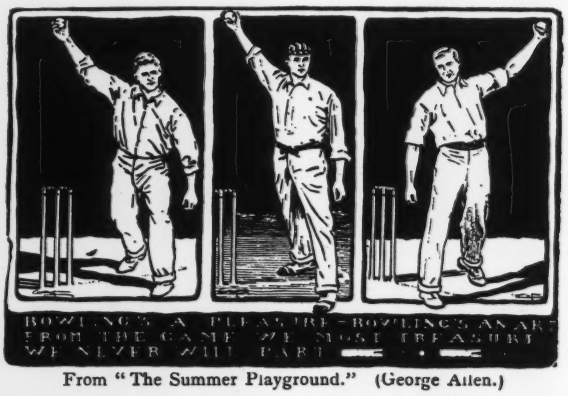

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"Some one was in the room." From "The Charity Ghost." (Hutchinson.)

SOME OTHER CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Among the other Christmas books which do not admit of classification we can only notice a few. Of this year's reprints, Dent's new edition of Dickens' CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND (5s. net) takes a foremost place for daintiness of finish and bizarre decorations. Whatever the pedant may say, the healthy prejudice and outspoken frankness of Dickens' work must always, in children's eyes, make it a pleasant contrast to the more scientific history of their schools. WHO'S WHO AT THE ZOO (5s., Gay and Bird) is an excellent and not too scientific directory of animal-land, set off by sketches of almost every animal described. THE CHARITY GHOST (6s., Hutchinson) shows Mr. Gallon in his most Dickensian vein. Throughout the book there is the atmosphere of the fine old traditional Christmas beloved of Dickens. Then THE SNOW BABY (6s., Isbister) is a charming and seasonable volume. The Snow Baby about whom this book is written is a real baby, the only white baby born so far inside the Arctic circle, and she passed her babyhood among Eskimo playmates, and all the strange scenes of the frozen North. Her name is Marie Ah-ni-ghi-to, and the story has been written in a delightful strain for children by her mother, Josephine Diebitsch Peary, the wife of Commander Peary, the explorer. On every page there is an illustration reproduced from a photograph, and the Snow Baby is shown from the time she was a wee white bundle until she was more grown up, and, dressed in furs, was able to play with her Eskimo friends. Another useful volume at Christmas time is FAVOURITE RECITATIONS OF FAVOURITE ACTORS (2s. 6d., net, T. C. and E. C. Jack). In this volume a large number of our best-known actors and actresses have themselves given the names of the pieces here printed, as being their own favourites, and in some cases have added helpful notes to the same. There was certainly an opening for such a volume as this, and it deserves a swift and steady success. Lastly, Mrs. Evelyn Cecil's CHILDREN'S GARDENS (6s., Macmillan) shows in a thorough but most sparkling way what children can do in the garden. At a time when a library of garden books is accumulating, "Children's Gardens" cannot fail to win an enthusiastic welcome.

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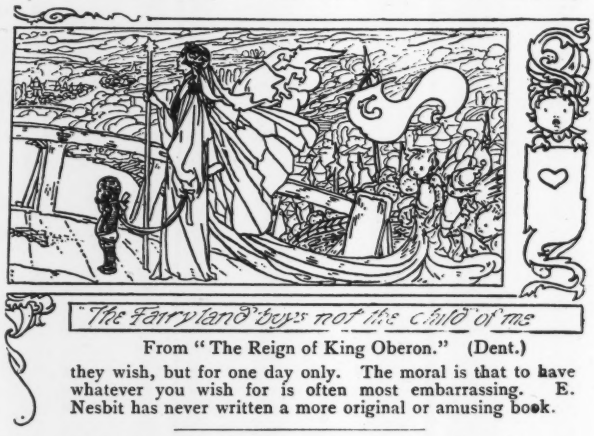

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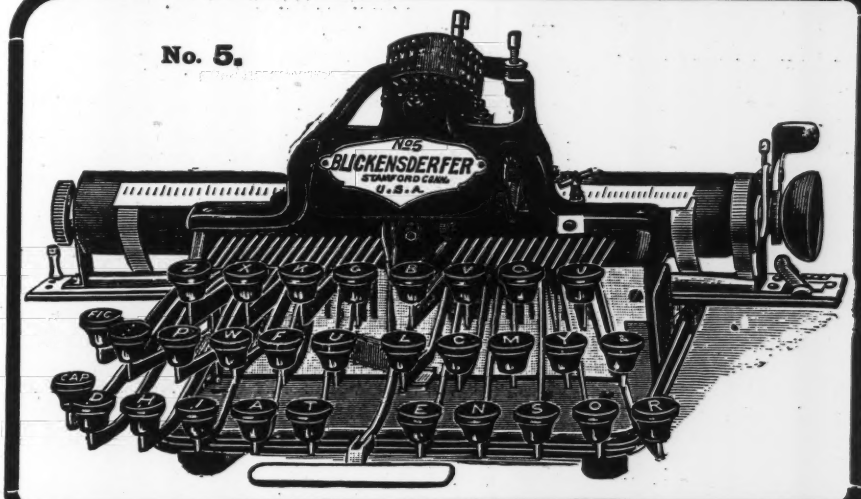

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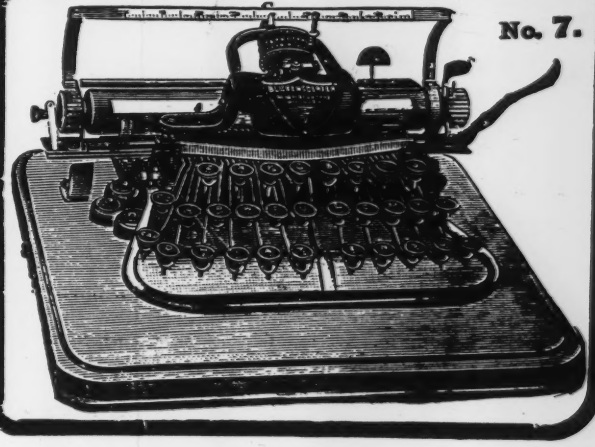

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From "Penelope's Irish Experiences." (Gay and Bird.)

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XUM

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (WITH HER MOTHER), 1830—1894.
From a tinted crayon drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Poets in the National Portrait Gallery.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE portraits of poets in the National Portrait Gallery at least bear witness to one sufficiently evident but still significant fact: the fact that there is no such thing as what may be called the poetic type. It would be quite impossible to found upon these pictures any kind of theory such as that which we often hear both from philosophers and quacks about the physiological or phrenological essentials of the poetic character. When we have deducted a great deal of the conventional rhapsodies about the "marble brow" and the "curling lip" and the "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," the fact that remains is very much to the effect that each of these poets is a very fair and very ordinary specimen of the class to which he belonged in other respects. The good looks of Byron, for instance, as they appear in the portrait by Richard Westall in the National Portrait Gallery, or in the well-known portrait by Thomas Phillips, which depicts him in a most ferociously Albanian costume, were a matter of universal and somewhat hysterical comment. Men spoke as if there were a kind of sublime poetical justice in the beauty of Byron as there is in the beauty of Apollo. But as a matter of fact the physical attractiveness of Byron was a thing which was, and to some extent still is, widely cultivated, and pretty generally achieved by the whole of the aristocratic class to which he belonged. He may have looked like Phœbus, but an even greater resemblance to Phœbus would very likely have been found in his second cousin in the Guards, who would have spelt the deity's name with an "f." We pass on to another great poet, such, for instance, as Sir Walter Scott, and find in him the very image of the typical man of a class just below Byron's—the

JOHN MILTON, 1608—1674.
From a painting by Pieter Van der Plaas.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1631—1700.
From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

JOHN KEATS, 1795—1821.
From a painting by William Hilton, R.A.

plain, vigorous, country gentleman or yeoman. His bodily presence has exactly the qualities we should expect it to have, that is to say it has animal strength but not animal beauty. Preserving roughly the chronology of these great names, we may pass again to Wordsworth, and see there the type of that studious middle-class which has a thousand admirable qualities, but certainly has neither physical beauty nor physical strength. It is only necessary to look at Pickersgill's portrait of Wordsworth seated in a landscape to feel the full force of this quality of the bookish class, which can only be called a mild morbidity. It needs all one's recollection of Wordsworth's splendid loyalty to Nature and the audacity of his great philosophic naïveté—all one's recollection of what he did for poetry and the world—to counteract the sentiment inculcated by Mr. Pickersgill's picture that so ugly and unhealthy a thing as Wordsworth had no business in a landscape at all. Browning was a very good specimen of the opposite or robust and worldly middle class; nobody would have taken him for a poet, and one lady so easily assumed his status in life as to ask when he had gone from the room "Who was that too-exuberant financier?" Portraits of course bring out various sides of a sitter; the more sincere they are the more they differ, and the three portraits of Robert Browning in the National Portrait Gallery, for instance, may certainly, in a sense, be said to exhibit three Brownings. Mr. G. F. Watts's magnificent masterpiece gives us rather the strenuous worker and fighter, the somewhat worn Hercules of the intellect; Mr. Rudolf Lehmann's picture gives us rather the venerable society gossip; and the chalk sketch by Field Talfourd gives us mainly a good-looking middle-aged man defaced by whiskers. These, if you will, are three Brownings, but not one of them is a poet. The same principle might be carried through all the poets in the Gallery, with one or two exceptions. Mr. Watts's portrait of Tennyson, for example, does contrive, by an ingenious mixture of Nature and Watts, to give the impression of the august and eternal minstrel who sings for ever to mankind. Shelley, again, though his good looks may in part be referred to the same cause as Byron's, had certainly a curious and ethereal appearance, which has not become less curious and ethereal in the somewhat feminine portrait by Miss Amelia Curran. But the

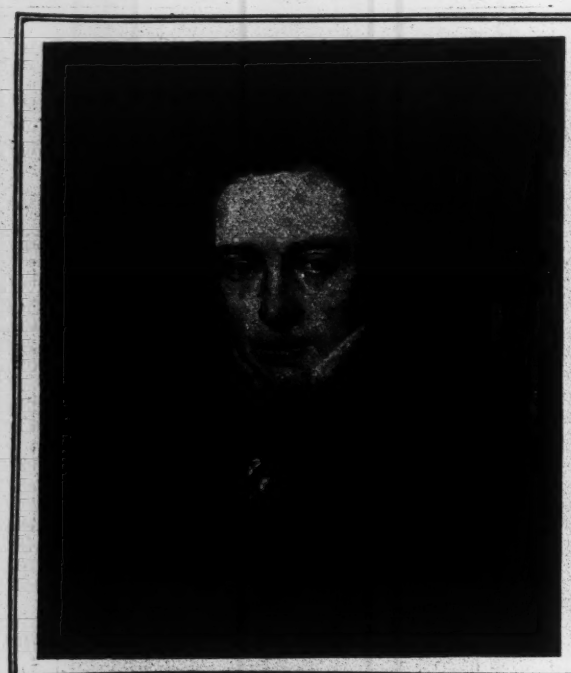
great majority, as I say, exhibit no poetic type, but the types of various classes, trades, professions, cliques, and countries. Campbell is in his portrait in the National Portrait Gallery much what he is in Maclise's sketch in the South Kensington Museum—a dandy of an age when dandies were sentimental instead of stoical. Dryden looks much like any other gentleman of the later 17th and Thomas Moore like any other gentleman of the earlier 19th century. The one extant portrait of Geoffrey Chaucer which is in the National Portrait Gallery would do very well for any other Comptroller of the Wool Customs; and in spite of much that has been said, and said more or less truly, about the fineness of the formation of the head, the plain truth probably is that the first folio portrait and the Stratford-on-Avon cast of Shakespeare would do very well for any other Warwickshire yeoman. The case of the portraits of lady poets in the Gallery is of course stronger—so strong, in fact, as to be unfair. The lady was during the greater part of the last two centuries regarded as a type by herself, and the portraits of Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti, and Adelaide Anne Procter, interesting as they are, are very much more portraits of ladies than portraits of poets.

The bodily and facial character not only does not belong especially to a certain class of mental powers, but is in most cases clearly traceable to other and definable origins. The case is the same in our own day. The two finest and most original poets of the present time, as few will dispute, are Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. W. B. Yeats, and beyond such facts as having two legs and a literary gift it would be hard to find a point of resemblance between them, either in body or mind. Certainly they are quite as unlike each other as, let us say, Paderewski and Mr. Perks. But, as I have said before, the matter goes further than this. Mr. Yeats, for all his undoubted personal charm, has the physiognomy of a certain race or class of Irishmen, some of whom are politicians and some poets and some buttermen. Mr. Kipling has the type of a certain race or class of Englishmen, hundreds of whom would never have written a line. Nor is it merely a matter of that æsthetic affectation of the rôle of poet which has sometimes been adopted, but which men like Mr. Kipling discard. You might make Mr. Kipling wear velvet knee breeches and his hair half down his back; he

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772—1834.
From a drawing by Robert Hancock.

ALEXANDER POPE, 1688—1744.
From a crayon drawing attributed to William Hoare, of Bath, R.A.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731—1800.
From a painting by Romney.



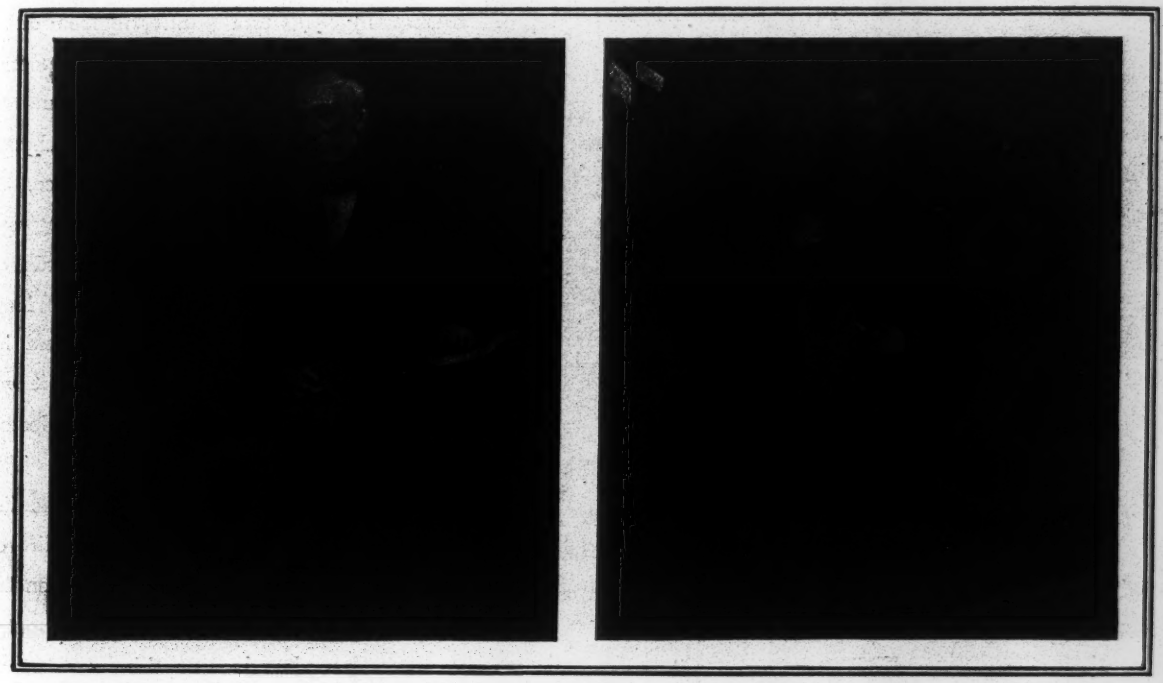
THOMAS HOOD, 1799—1845.
From a painting by an unknown artist.

THOMAS GRAY, 1716—1771.
From a painting by John Giles Eccardt.

would look funny, and perhaps delightful, but he would not look any more like the poets of the decadence. You might insist on Mr. W. B. Yeats cropping his hair close and wearing spectacles and a bristly moustache, but it would still be possible, after careful examination of his appearance, to detect that he was not Mr. Kipling. These two poets are not in the National Portrait Gallery, but I have no doubt that they will be some day.

The general truth to which all these facts point is the truth that poetry is not by any means so special a function as frequently supposed. Poetry is rather the highest spiritual power (using power in the mathematical sense) of almost any function whatever. When an enthusiasm for any technical work, for any branch of learning, for any cause in public life, for any mode or tradition in society, for any family or creed or craft, reaches a certain point of effervescence or intensity, poetry is precipitated like a sudden chemical product. When the patriot becomes intensely a patriot, he becomes a poet; when the astronomer becomes passionately an astronomer, he becomes a poet; when the boot-black becomes ecstatically and with conviction a boot-black, he becomes a poet. The idea of shutting a man up in gardens or libraries and training him to write poetry is necessarily an absurd one. It is as absurd as shutting a boy up in a room with cards and a ballot-box and training him there for five years in order to make him a citizen. The little black crosses that a man scrawls on a voting card are but the final flower and outcome of varying things, of sights in the streets, of books from the free library, of travels in France, of quarrels in business, of scores of public meetings, and hundreds of newspapers. Precisely in the same way the equally clumsy and equally arbitrary black ink marks which a poet scrawls upon the paper that is going to the printer's, are only the final product of the days and years in which he has been something else more real and more poetic than a poet.

The optimist is commonly covered with scorn when he utters what is called the paradox that there is poetry in everything. It is not a paradox, of course, but a perfectly self-evident truth, which is no more worth saying than that grass is green. As every conceivable thing is, or can be, an object of desire or fear, and as desire and fear are two emotions which can fill the soul with all the armies of heaven and hell, the thing is obvious. If the 'Arriet, longing for a hat with purple and scarlet feathers, and the stockbroker, shaking before he opens the telegram which may tell him that he must flee to Argentina, were endowed with the trifling addition of a literary faculty, it may be presumed that they would burst into song. There is no sort of reason why there should not be a Sapho of the



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770—1850.
From a painting by Henry William Pickersgill, R.A.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, 1340(?)—1400.
Probably after a miniature painting in the British Museum.

hat trade or a Milton of the Stock Exchange. And the reason, it is to be presumed, that these poets whose portraits we have gazed at appear drawn from so many divergent groups of men is that as a fact every mode of life has a tendency to produce a Sapho or a Milton. Most of them found poetry in the dullest things conceivable. Thus we may look at the portrait of Southey (an interesting portrait by Edridge) and remember with a solemn reverence that he found something poetical in the salvation or damnation of George III. It was an indescribably silly poem, but Southey was not the less, but the more, a poet for thinking such a political and contemporary subject a matter for poetry. It would be profoundly poetical and most interesting to write a "Vision of Judgment" about the ultimate fate of Mr. Chamberlain. Byron made game of it as a piece of pathos, but Byron himself wrote a poem on that to all appearance dullest and most vulgar of all earthly subjects, the Grand Tour. Scott was sheriff of a Border county, and his portrait by Sir Edwin Landseer looks like it. But he happened to be the first sheriff to find out what a sheriff was, what were his great opportunities of popularity, of dignity, of knowledge of the country-side, of sympathy with its despised history and its rusty legalities. Therefore he was the poet of the Border. Cowper was a timid and rural hermit, and his portrait by Romney looks like it. But he was the first hermit for many centuries to realise what was possible in a hermitage, how much continued observation of brotherly plants and animals, what clear and quiet summaries of existence. Therefore, he was the poet of the Ouse, and founded the Naturalist school of literature. Ben Jonson, in the National Portrait Gallery, looks like what he was—a scholar—and his scholarship was the inspiration of his poetry. William Morris, in his fine portrait by Watts, looks like what he was—a man of uproarious energy and joy, and his energy and joy were the inspiration of his poetry. It will not, of course, be imagined that I mean that poets either in their portraits or their poems bear the traces of every technical trade they happened to profess. Keats, in his portrait by Joseph Severn, does not look like the apprentice of a surgeon, nor does the blind Milton of William Faithorne look particularly like a private secretary. But the general type of the middle-class literary man, to which these poets belonged, their portraits do resemble; and they do not bear the faintest resemblance to each other or to the portraits of Pope or Hood or Coleridge or Mr. Coventry Patmore in the same Gallery. They do not resemble them even so much as the portraits of ten great English generals resemble each other, or ten modern cosmopolitan musicians resemble each other. They have found the

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1774—1844.
From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1774—1843.
After a drawing by Henry Edridge, A.R.A.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1825—1864.
From a painting by Emma Gaggiotti Richards.

top of Parnassus by roads totally different from cities lying whole continents apart. For this art of poetry has not really been a profession for many hundred years; if it once had, like the professions of Kitchener and Paderewski, its traditions of appearance, of manners, and of trades-union, they vanished long ago when Edward I. slaughtered the Cambrian bards, or Cromwell silenced the lays of the last minstrel. Now it is a spontaneous and incalculable thing, and its glory is that we can never say when and where it will break out. Mr. W. B. Yeats will find it in neglected Ireland, and Mr. Kipling in forgotten India. The former will find it in a handful of superstitions as discredited as turnip-ghosts, and the latter in a life of pipe-clay and routine as dull as that of a London housemaid. For the true and ultimate place of poetry is this, that when a man has done anything successfuly and with significance—has built a bridge, or married a wife, or routed an army, or planned a cathedral, or eaten a good dinner—he will fling down his instruments and begin to sing.

Not only, of course, do these poets bear all the appearance of belonging to the types and trades to which they did actually belong, but they were, as every one knows, extraordinarily successful in the great majority of those trades, extraordinarily satisfactory in the great majority of those types. A very large proportion of great poets have been very good men and very good tradesmen. It is true that there have been tragedies of the artistic temperament. But the artistic temperament is a very curious thing. Any one who has had any real commerce with the intellectual and æsthetic types of the present day will know that the artistic temperament is chiefly characteristic of the people who never write anything, or paint anything, or play anything, or compose anything. The artistic temperament is a disease which attacks amateurs. It is the result of the really painful and pathetic condition of those who cannot express their sense of beauty and so get rid of it, but in whom it turns and feeds upon itself. There are real tragedies in the artistic temperament, tragedies of thwarting, of melancholia, of baffled passion; but the greatest tragedy of the artistic temperament is that it cannot produce any art.

The great artists, such as Shakespeare and Scott,

got rid of this æsthetic obsession, and so had leisure to attend powerfully to other things. The perplexing vision of the wavering human intellect suddenly rests upon a Warwickshire yeoman; he pauses a moment, writes "Hamlet," and then is free to buy houses and fields. The passionate and protesting sense that a hundred local ballads and memories are disappearing unheeded, produces a sort of fierce mental parturition in an Ettrick squire; he writes "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and so has leisure to buy farms and become a magistrate. Literature is only a side of life: it brings out certain qualities; but a man who is content to be a man of letters is precisely like a man who is content to be a man of the world; he is not a man at all. The worst development of modern times is this professionalising of the artistic sense, whereby men have nothing else to do but to produce art. It is as horrible as the principle whereby men have nothing else to do but to kill men. Killing a man is a perfectly reasonable and natural proceeding; but it is not reasonable or natural that everything about a man, from his salary to the buttons on his coat, should be designed for the purpose of killing. In the same way shouting a song is a perfectly reasonable and natural proceeding, but it is not reasonable or natural that a man should shout a song before breakfast for one guinea, and then shout a song after breakfast for ten-and-sixpence, and then shout a song for forty-two shillings, and then have lunch and then shout a song for a guinea. This concentration of men upon the one paltry calling of letters is the thing against which we should protest. The greatest poets, as we see them in these pictures, were not only very ordinary men, but men who achieved great success in practical life. And, indeed, why should it not be so? The poet should be a man who has a grasp of life; and the man who has a grasp of life has a grasp of business. The poet ought to be the most practical man in the world; I do not say that he always is, but in so far as he is less practical he is less poetical. The very word poet has a purely practical meaning; it signifies a man who succeeds in making something. A man, like Shakespeare, who can make men, ought surely to be able to understand them. The man who can calculate the actions of imaginary men so as to get immortality, ought surely to be able to calculate the actions of real men so as to get sixpence. Surely the

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564—1616.
The Chandos Shakespeare, attributed to Richard Burbage or John Taylor.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, 1828—1882.
From a drawing by the artist himself.

BEN JONSON, 1573(?)—1637.
After a painting by Gerard Honthurst.

man who created the character of Iago ought not to have been cheated over the sale of a farm. And, as a matter of fact he was not cheated. As a matter of fact these great poets emerge in their lives as they do in their portraits, as very ordinary and very efficient men. The same instinct which led Milton to see that God was bound to conquer in the abstract and hypothetical cosmic war led him to see that Cromwell was bound to conquer in his war with the vague Fifth Monarchy and the frivolous and childish centre of Continental Royalism. The same instinct which told Walt Whitman that the universe was, upon the whole, in the right, told him that Abraham Lincoln was, upon the whole, in the right. For these were men who saw the emotions of life to some extent as they are; and emotion lies behind the invocation of a Muse and behind the purchase of a cigar; behind the price of the pearl of great price, and behind the price of butter. There is no sort of reason why the man who understands the one should not understand the other; nor is there anything to prevent the poet being anything, even a millionaire.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809—1892.
From a chalk drawing by M. Arnault.